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THE REFORM DEBATE.

HOWEVER able the speakers may be, and however much they may wish to carve out a line for themselves, it is impossible that a debate that has lasted seven or eight nights should admit of anything very new being said. Even Mr. BRIGHT failed to impart new life or give a new character to the discussion. It was his cue to be mild and conciliatory, to add no fuel to the fire, to efface, if possible, the adverse impression that his wild denunciations of Parliament had produced. Accordingly, he was as pleasant as he could be. SMUG, as Mr. LAYARD would say, roared like a sucking-dove, and even ladies could not have been frightened at the roaring. He condemned Mr. GLADSTONE's statistics, and showed conclusively, what was suspected before, that those who collected the returns of the number of working-men admitted or to be admitted to the franchise had no distinct notion what a working-man was. Mr. BRIGHT first dwelt on the excellences of the Rochdale Pioneers, and proved the easiest part of the Government case to admiration. That such men, if they had a vote, would do no harm, is admitted by ordinary Conservatives. Sir BULWER LYTTON would like to admit them to the franchise by acclamation; and no Reformer can even conceive of a Reform Bill that would not admit them. The whole difficulty of the question lies in the extreme differences of the constituencies, to all of which it is intended to apply the same rule. There are no Totnes Pioneers, or, if there are, we may be sure they do not go pioneering for nothing. Mr. GOSCHEN made a speech which certainly was not without interest, for it contained what purported to be an explanation of the Government measure. But the explanation only made matters worse, and it is singular that the statement of the secret purposes of the Cabinet should have been reserved for so young a member of it. The explanation is simply this:—The Government knew that there would be a very large minority against the reduction of the franchise, and also that there would be another very large minority against the redistribution of seats; but there were good grounds for hoping that, under each head, the Government could count on a majority. But as these minorities would not consist altogether of the same persons, the two minorities, if brought together by the vote being taken on a completer measure, might easily prove a majority. This was the original calculation; but it was entirely vitiated by two circumstances. In the first place, the production of the Redistribution Bill after the second reading of the present Bill was totally inconsistent with the project of keeping these two contemplated minorities from coalescing if they wished. In the second place, the course taken by the Government led to that very union of two minorities which it was intended to prevent. There is a minority opposed to all Reform; there is also, we will assume, a minority opposed to dealing with the question by fragments. These two minorities have coalesced, and the consequence will be read in the division list. The device of the Government has not been a good device. It has not been successful, it has damaged their credit for statesmanship; and it has placed Mr. GLADSTONE in such a relation to the House as to make it difficult for him to lead it pleasantly and effectively for the future. And it is obvious that, if it had succeeded, it could only have succeeded by damaging in a most serious way the character and prospects of comprehensive Reform. If no redistribution of seats was to be proposed, why should the members for small boroughs vote for a mere reduction of the franchise? Obviously because they might have hoped that the reduction of the franchise would give the small boroughs a new chance of existence, and make it harder to disfranchise them immediately after their constituencies had been increased.

But if there is not much of novelty possible in speeches which refer only to the details of the Bill, the history of past

Parliaments, or the conduct of the Government, there is, of course an endless field for philosophical inquiry into such recondite questions as the character and conditions of democracy. Mr. LOWE entered largely on these questions, and no one can say that their consideration is too remote from the Reform Bill to be irrelevant on the present occasion. But it is almost impossible to discuss them exhaustively in a public assembly. They are too complicated, too wide, and too far beyond the limit of possible certainty. It is interesting, but it is more interesting than instructive, to read Mr. LOWE's examination of the subtle point whether the franchise is a good in itself or not. As in most philosophical controversies, the first step is for the disputants to agree to talk the same language. Mr. LOWE says that the reduction of the franchise is a mere question of political expediency. But it is very easy to translate into the language of expediency Mr. GLADSTONE's assertion that the franchise is a good thing in itself. What Mr. GLADSTONE evidently meant is that the mere possession of the franchise, bad influences apart, is a good to its holder; and that this good may be looked at separately from the good which, in the opinion of Reformers, an extended franchise would confer on the nation. The kind of good is that the possessor of the franchise, by possessing it, has a stimulant supplied him to gain the information and cultivate the thoughts necessary for political action. Why is this good? Because, among other reasons, it is politically expedient that as large a number of persons as possible in a nation should be educated up to this level; and if this is not conceded, we must go on to argue that the education of the greatest possible number is a national benefit, and that the spread of the particular kind of education which the possession of political power tends to give is not an exception to the general rule as to the benefits of education. So, again, much that Mr. LOWE said of the general character of democracy is exceedingly true. There are many grave dangers with which we are threatened if we sanction a large transfer of the electoral power. It is true that we might fall under the tyranny of Trades' Unions, that the Executive might be too weak, that the House of Commons might be less respected, that the security of the Upper House and of the Church might be shaken. Some arguments and some lessons of experience tend to make us think these dangers probable. But then there are other arguments and other lessons of experience which point the other way. The transfer of power to the middle class from the class under the immediate dictation of the rich has proved a more satisfactory process than mere considerations of the general nature of popular institutions might have led us to expect. For it was quite possible that great evils might have resulted from the arrangement of 1832; and no one could have been sure beforehand that an arrangement which, on the one hand, left the iniquities of many small boroughs to go on as before, and on the other created a number of new constituencies which in that day were animated with a desire for many crude and violent changes, would have ended in producing Parliaments as steady-going, and as desirous to do their duty, as the present and preceding Parliaments. There are evidently causes at work which tend to prevent popular government in England assuming the same shape and exhibiting the same defects as in France or the United States. Evidently it would not do to trust to this too blindly. We might make our institutions popular so recklessly and suddenly that the conservative and intellectual influences would have no time or force to operate. Democracy, Mr. LOWE says, is a bad thing, for it is the government of the rich by the poor; but there is also another thing that is bad—the exclusive government of the poor by the rich. Is there too much of this in England? Opinions will differ, but at any rate it may be said, without presumption, that there are obvious elements in English society which tend strongly to produce this result; and, therefore, to popularize our institutions from time to time may be wise, for reasons which are specially English, and as to the

operation of which we can learn little by studying the democracies of France and America.

But the Government has been pleased to cut away the ground from those who, for a variety of reasons, wish for a Reform Bill, but wish for a comprehensive, moderate, wise measure. It has chosen to mix up the general question of Reform with the particular question of the expediency of adopting or rejecting a Bill of which no one can possibly say whether it is moderate or not, and the results of which are to depend on another measure which is independent of it. Mr. LOWE put this part of his argument with great vigour, and even severity, against Mr. GLADSTONE; but he was perfectly justified in saying all that he did say. If we look to the measure itself, it is unmeaning and idle as it now stands, for it is only half a measure, and the other half has been kept dark. If we look to the mode in which Parliament has been treated, the House of Commons has a right to complain bitterly. The very case set up by the Government was that the House was not to be trusted, and that it was proposed to make men vote for the two halves separately who would never have voted for the whole. There is something, too, exceedingly irritating in a young member of the Cabinet like Mr. GOSCHEN being commissioned to explain coolly to the House that a trap had been set for wavering members, that the Government was going to cajole them, and that the Government was quite certain of cajoling them, although the mode of deception was revealed to them beforehand. It is natural that men of honour and self-respect should resent all this bitterly, and that some at least of their number should prefer to consider what is due to themselves, and to the body to which they belong, rather than to the claims of party. We are compelled to write before the result of the division is known, but every one would be greatly surprised if the Government were supported by any large majority. That the Bill can pass this Session is in the highest degree improbable, but it may be hoped that, whatever happens, the Government will remain in office, or that no large amount of precious time may be lost in constructing a new one. The issue is one that ought never to have been raised. Great national interests ought not to have been imperilled merely to ascertain whether the Government was strong enough to make its supporters vote in the dark, on condition of being told what they were voting about directly the vote had been given. It will be well if Mr. GLADSTONE at the last moment gets himself out of the difficulty he has created, and makes a concession that will disarm a large portion of the Opposition, or if he does not go out of office merely in pique and from an obstinate pride, but accepts what is the real wish of Parliament and the country—that a Liberal Ministry should remain in office, and that, after having well matured and considered the whole scheme, it should bring in a comprehensive measure. Mr. BRIGHT is probably quite right in saying that, whatever may be the fate of this Bill, and whatever may be the effect of the division on the Ministry, a Reform Bill will be carried before long; but we do not think he is at all right in pronouncing that the Bill which is inevitable must also inevitably be less moderate than any that have been proposed. Fair discussion will tell on the character of the next Bill, as it has told on the fate of this; and although we greatly deplore that the present opportunity of settling the question has been thrown away by the miscalculation and obstinacy of the Government, we still survey the prospects of Reform without alarm. We believe that a measure might be devised and carried which would satisfy the country, remove the more startling defects of the present representative system, and leave us as far as the wisest philosopher would wish us to be from imitating the democracy of neighbouring or cognate nations.

AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA.

IT is almost certain that the war between Austria and Prussia is averted or adjourned. The ordinary explanation of the approaching disarmament is probably correct. Count BISMARCK has for the second time been overruled by the prudence or the scruples of the KING. The Convention of Gastein was concluded by the Minister against his own opinion, and he recently hoped to have found, in the disputed interpretation of the compact, occasion for a definitive rupture. If he had been less unpopular at home, his policy would have been eagerly supported by the great majority of his countrymen; for there is no difference of opinion in Prussia as to the expediency of aggrandizing the monarchy, and the traditional dislike to Austria operates in the same direction with the desire for the annexation of Holstein and Schleswig. In the projected war there was little risk of loss, unless France

had interfered in the quarrel. As soon as hostilities commenced, the Austrian garrison must have evacuated Holstein, and the Duchies, once definitively occupied by Prussia, would never have been released from her grasp. The military resources of Austria are perhaps, with the aid of Hungary, greater than those of her rival; but it would have been necessary to defend Venetia against Italy, to watch the ambiguous movements of Russia on the Galician frontier, and to meet the undivided force of Prussia in Silesia and Saxony. There could have been no reasonable hope of recovering the conquests of FREDERICK the GREAT, and it was not improbable that the supremacy of Prussia over Northern Germany might be extended and confirmed by the events of the war. Count BISMARCK must have foreseen the reluctance of the minor Governments to engage in a struggle which would probably have reduced them to dependence; but he perhaps failed to appreciate the repugnance of the German people to a civil war, and the antipathy to his own political system which is felt by all friends of constitutional liberty, both in Prussia and in the surrounding States. The Liberal party has displayed its usual moderation and sagacity in deprecating a collision which might aggrandize Prussia, at the cost of rendering German unity more than ever impossible; and the certainty that the war would be unpopular as well as unjust may probably have decided the wavering opinion of the KING. It was easier to find reasons for resuming negotiation than to invent a plausible pretext for a quarrel. If the history of recent transactions were compiled from official documents, it would appear that the Austrian and Prussian armaments bore to each other the reciprocal and exclusive relation of cause and effect. Bohemia and Silesia were respectively filled with troops for purposes of defence, and for the maintenance of peace it was only necessary to agree that the preparations on both sides should be discontinued.

The periodical misunderstandings between Austria and Prussia evidently arise from some deep-seated cause. The affairs of two provinces which are remote from the nearest Austrian possession have twice brought the two great German Powers to the verge of war. In 1850, Prince SCHWARZENBERG exhibited the same turbulent activity which has since rendered Count BISMARCK conspicuous or notorious, both in domestic and foreign policy; and the tame submission of FREDERICK WILLIAM III. to the menaces of Austria and to the dictation of Russia left behind a feeling of shame and resentment, which is not unconnected with the present readiness of Prussia to engage in war. Since that time there have been many changes in European alliances, and from 1855 Russia has been permanently alienated from Austria, and has cultivated a friendly understanding with Prussia. During the Italian campaign, it seemed at one time probable that the whole of Germany would take the part of Austria against France; but Prussia has since recognised the Kingdom of Italy, and Count BISMARCK is supposed to have made overtures to the Emperor NAPOLEON in anticipation of a German war. In the Polish insurrection, Prussia gave active support to the Russian measures of repression, while the Austrian Government tolerated the sympathy of her Galician subjects for their countrymen in the Russian provinces. The co-operation of the two Powers in the Danish war was not unreasonably regarded as a triumph of Prussian diplomacy. The petty German States were taught no longer to rely on the patronage of Austria, and Count BISMARCK was enabled with perfect security to repress the pretensions of the Diet. The treaty by which the conquered provinces were transferred in full possession to the allied Powers was certain to enure to the exclusive benefit of Prussia. In the late quarrel Austria was, in a certain sense, in the wrong, because the Prussian Government only insisted on the natural consequences of earlier concessions. The invasion of Schleswig was an assertion of the joint right of the two Powers to the championship of German interests; but the conclusion of peace by a common acquisition of territory left no question to be decided between the partners except the division of the spoil. As it was impossible that Austria could hold provinces on the coast of the Baltic, Count BISMARCK's offer of a pecuniary compensation for the Austrian share can scarcely be considered unnatural. It was too late for the Government of Vienna to fall back on the jurisdiction of the Diet, and on the pedigree of AUGUSTENBURG. Conquests are held by an unencumbered title, and the actual holder can scarcely allege the wrongfulness of his own acquisition.

The conduct of Prussia in the matter of the Elbe Duchies has given great and just dissatisfaction to political moralists; but if Northern Schleswig were restored to Denmark, and the

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German districts annexed to Prussia, neither the inhabitants of the provinces nor the friends of European peace would have any substantial cause for regret. To Denmark the possession of German territory was a constant source of disturbance, and the constitution of an independent Duchy would be a mistake and an anachronism. It is for the interest of England and of peaceable States that a great German Power should interpose between Russia and France. If the ancient Empire could be revived, it might be pleasant to gratify historical associations; but as far as it is possible to calculate on probabilities, Prussia must henceforth be the nucleus of united, or partially united, Germany. In the course of two hundred years, the House of HOHENZOLLERN has not been exempt from more or less reasonable imputations of cupidity, of injustice, and of violence; but an upstart and growing Power seldom devotes itself to the practice of the milder Christian virtues, and especially of abnegation. The late KING perhaps judged rightly in declining the Imperial Crown; but his successors, even if they are indifferent to the title, will never cease to pursue the object of attaining predominance in Germany. Even before the maintenance of peace is rendered certain, Count BISMARCK has commenced a new and unexpected movement for the reorganization of the Federal system; and to the general surprise, the professed enemy of Parliamentary institutions proposes that a representative Assembly, elected by universal suffrage, should meet at Frankfurt. Three or four years ago, the Emperor of AUSTRIA collected the German Princes around him in the same ancient capital; but his hope of receiving at least an honorary pre-eminence was defeated by the steady refusal of Prussia to countenance the attempt. The Prussian Minister probably believes, from the example of the French Empire, that universal suffrage is manageable; and he trusts to an elected body to counteract the separatist tendencies of the minor Courts. Whatever may be his immediate reason for the proposal, he undoubtedly designs a political attack upon Austria. To foreigners it seems impossible that his scheme should succeed, unless he can effect a reconciliation with the Liberal party.

It is highly improbable that the Prussian Government should have hampered itself by any final engagement to a contingent ally, but the reported movement of Italian troops to the Venetian frontier might, if it had actually taken place, involve serious complications. If peaceable relations with Prussia are renewed, Austria may perhaps take the opportunity to resent the diversion which has been meditated by an irreconcilable enemy; and if war once broke out, Count BISMARCK'S policy would immediately become still more violent and exacting. The readiness of Italy to seize any favourable occasion for an attack on Venetia is at least intelligible and consistent. The Government is not unwilling to undertake a patriotic enterprise which would silence internal dissension; nor is a course of policy less acceptable because it implies a temporary independence of French patronage and protection. It can never be doubtful whether the aid of any foreign ally would promote the establishment of Prussian supremacy in Germany. To Italy, as to France, the whole nation would feel the instinctive antagonism which was conspicuously displayed in the war of 1859. Although the mediæval relations of the Western Empire with Rome and with Italy have for centuries been obsolete, many Germans still retain a vague belief that the Austrian dominion in Lombardy was a relic of an old Imperial right. It is true that the Venetian territory never owned a German master before the convention of Campo Formio, but the national agitation when the Quadrilateral was threatened found an excuse or a pretext in the doubtful nature of the boundary between German and Italian Tyrol. The modern passion for national unity is almost always one-sided, and the determination to seize Schleswig is perfectly compatible with an obstinate hold upon Venice. On the whole, it is probable that the Italian Government will abandon any hostile intentions which it may have entertained against Austria, as the disarmament of both the original parties to the quarrel is now officially announced. France will not at present support Italy in an aggressive policy, and a single-handed contest with Austria would be altogether hopeless.

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

IT is not impossible that within a short time the leaders of the Conservative party may be asked to form a new Ministry, and in that case it will be of paramount importance to know what are their position and prospects. But in any case, everything that can contribute to this knowledge is worth noticing, and the debate on the Reform Bill has afforded some indications of the strength and weakness of the

party which are neither slight nor indistinct. In the directions in which it was already known to be strong, it has shown, during the debate, that its strength is unimpaired; but, on the other hand, it has also shown that its weakness is not growing less in the directions in which it was known to be weak. The Conservative party has always been strong in what may be termed the forensic rhetoric of Parliament. It always numbers among its members men who can put the case against proposed changes in a clear, legal, decisive way—who can state objections, not in a carping minute manner, but in a telling and broad way. This is a most useful art to a Conservative party, for it is one of the great advantages which that party possesses, that reasons for change can scarcely ever be so well stated as reasons against change. Men who want something new generally are not very sure what they want, and are still less sure why they want it. They are animated by an indistinct feeling that what they propose falls in and harmonizes with other objects that they have learnt to think good; and it is this feeling, quite as much as any preponderance of argument, that has made them resolve to effect the change if they can. But, excepting when he has the misfortune to be defending an extreme and palpable abuse, a Conservative treads on much firmer and clearer ground. He can place the subject of discussion clear of the favouring atmosphere of feeling which makes his opponents incline to it. He can ask what are the precise consequences intended by a Bill, and how it can be certified that these precise consequences will flow from the Bill as it is brought before the House. The leaders of the Conservative party have had this advantage in an eminent degree during the debate on the Reform Bill. For not only must every Reform Bill raise great questions which those who oppose the Bill can treat effectively from the side of resistance to change, but in this particular Bill there was a calculation of numbers and figures on which the scheme was supposed to rest, and these numbers and figures are open to all kinds of attack, and may easily be shown to be trustworthy only in a very trivial degree; and, further, the action of the Government supplied inexhaustible arguments against the measure as a mere preparation for other measures. The Conservative party has therefore had a very favourable occasion, and it has not failed to take advantage of it. Sir HUGH CAIRNS put the general case against the Government as well as it could be put; and Lord STANLEY urged the objections against the fragmentary character of the Bill with a cogency and a completeness that raised to a considerable degree his position in the House. But it must be remembered that the Conservatives were so far successful exactly on the very ground where they were most sure of success. Sir HUGH CAIRNS spoke admirably, but all that his speech showed was that a Conservative lawyer could sum up against a Liberal Ministry in a very spirited and exhaustive way. It showed this, but nothing more; it did not really carry the Conservative party further than they must inevitably be carried as often as so able a lawyer as Sir HUGH CAIRNS sits in their ranks, and has precisely the opportunity he would most like if he could have his choice.

As usual, too, the party has been kept together with a firm discipline readily obeyed, for whatever numerical strength the Conservatives have they can almost always count on. The serried phalanx of fine young gentlemen who contribute so much to the ornament of the Opposition benches may always be trusted to cheer their own men with an arrogant pertinacity, and to laugh or to hoot when laughing and hooting can annoy or damage an opponent. This has a temporary effect, and Conservative speakers are more encouraged, and Liberal speakers more discouraged, than their adversaries are; but it is only in the House that this tells. The country knows nothing of it, and no amount of boisterous after-dinner jocularities can really add to the strength of a party. The Conservative party always looks stronger than it is. Its leaders find themselves compelled to show a much more liberal and accommodating spirit than animates the breasts of their livelier supporters. And it may be owned that some of the speeches of the Conservative debaters required a large amount of ready cheering to carry them off. The views of some of their politicians were very strange, and no divergence of opinion on the Liberal side exceeded the divergence of opinion on the Conservative side. Sir BULWER LYTTON, for example, insisted, in his rounded and epigrammatic periods, on the divine excellence of the arrangement by which the middle class is the depository of political power. The Reform Bill of 1832, so violently opposed by the Tories of the day, was really a masterpiece of wisdom. It contained the kernel of all true political philosophy. It gave all that could be given to the middle class, which is

the right class to have power because it best represents the opinions of the class above it and the class below it. This middle class is thus guided by a sort of sacred and secret impulse into the ways of truth; and what it has done has been all, or almost all, very good. General PEEL, on the other hand, thinks that this middle class has done nothing but harm. It has made an utter mess of everything it has undertaken since it became paramount. There has been nothing good since 1832. The nation has only lost ground since then. Ireland has always been in a state of hopeless disaffection. Negro emancipation has ended in the anarchy of Jamaica. We have been dragged through a series of petty wars, that have cost us endless money and brought us neither gain nor glory, and now, with a feeble Government and an enormously increased taxation, we find ourselves worse off than we were a quarter of a century ago. It requires a gathering of very excited young hearers to carry off such a statement of opinion in the House; and out of the House the only sentiment it provokes is that of honest wonder that such a man has really once been a Cabinet Minister. But, excellent as Sir BULWER LYTTON'S speech was in some respects, its general and ultimate effect was not perhaps favourable to the party in whose behalf it was spoken. It instils the feeling, which so many speeches of Conservative leaders have instilled before, that there is something hollow in the position of a party which is obliged to invent theories in justification of its policy which do not square with facts. This blessing and praising of the middle classes is a pure afterthought, a device of philosophical Conservatism, a piece of cleverness after the fashion of the cleverness which the leader of the Conservatives in the Commons displayed in his novels. Who are the Conservatives, that they should take to praising the middle classes? They opposed the Reform Bill of 1832, and they have opposed almost every great political change which since that date has found favour in the eyes of the middle classes. That which the Conservatives have wished for during the last thirty years has not happened; of that which has happened they have in most instances bitterly complained at the time. A reference to history makes the theory ridiculous. A particular class is, it seems, above all classes, guided to political truth; and the only party that believes this is in constant opposition to the dictates of the class it believes to be inspired. This may be a clever paradox, and clever paradoxes are often very pleasant to hear or to read; but the impression which clever paradoxes leave on the minds of those who have enjoyed them is not favourable. Such devices are pretty and ingenious, and may win personal fame for their author, but they cannot serve to guide a nation. We want something more like real life when we have to take steps affecting the welfare of millions of human beings. General PEEL is a real old Tory, and such Toryism is completely antiquated in modern England. Conservatives feel this, and rest satisfied with merely representing the national reluctance to swift and radical changes. They wish to justify themselves in the eyes of the world as having a theory that completely supports their case. The consequence is that, in their desire to invent such a theory, they engender a suspicion that they are given to subtleties and sophisms; and the country silently makes up its mind that they had much better sit where they do, and not cross to that side of the House which has the management of practical affairs.

Nor, again, have the Conservatives shown that they have any one at present among them who is qualified to fill the post formerly filled by Sir ROBERT PEEL. The secret of the influence enjoyed by Sir ROBERT PEEL lay in the belief he created that he could originate as well as obstruct, that he could frame measures as well as oppose them, that he could satisfy the wants of the country when something moderate, but still not pale and ineffective, was required. No Conservative now shows any power of this sort. However much men may talk one way or the other, and in whatever way they may vote, it is certain there must be a Reform Bill carried before long. The country will have one. It wants a Reform Bill that shall be at once temperate and fair, and that shall yet not be timid and unmeaning. A Conservative leader might give it what it wants, provided only he could inspire the country and his party with sufficient confidence. It may be no great reproach to the Conservatives that none of them show signs of the capacity to do this; but still the feeling remains, which is so fatal to the Conservative party, that there is no creativeness in them; that their position is merely a negative one; that they could scarcely be anything better in office than good officials. A time has been, and may come again, when that officials should be good is the chief thing desired of a Ministry. But this is not so now. New hopes, and new wishes and thoughts, stir

the minds of men, and some expression must be given them even in the sphere of political action. The part of the nation that is most alive is not akin to Conservatism. There are men of business, for example, in Parliament, great employers, merchants, capitalists, who are Conservatives; but the Conservative man of business is of an inferior type to the Liberal man of business. He is generally respectable but mediocre, or he has crept into Parliament to hide himself from reproach, and he thinks that the most intensely respectable of all respectable things is to be a silent unobtrusive Conservative. Such men are not to be mentioned in the same day with Mr. GOSCHEN or Mr. FORSTER or Mr. CHARLES BUXTON. The active and thinking and elevated portion of the newly rich class is Liberal, not Conservative, and in such a country as England this must necessarily affect in a very marked way the relative strength of parties. Nor even do the Conservatives seem to advance towards getting a greater hold of those classes who, in training and social position, might seem to have a stronger affinity for them. No new Conservative members have shone in this debate. If any one were to ask what new members have already succeeded, every one would name Mr. MILL and Mr. COLERIDGE, and, at a great distance, he might mention Mr. GRAHAM or Mr. FAWCETT. But no one could think of a new successful speaker on the Conservative side. The rising intellect of the country still keeps aloof from Conservatism as much as it ever did. It still feels that the Conservatives damp every movement in which it is inclined to interest itself; it still resents as keenly as ever the baseness with which Mr. DISRAELI tried to make dulness and bigotry believe that he was their best and surest friend. In no way, therefore, can it be said that the position of the Conservative party has been shown in this debate to be one of increasing strength, and even those who are quite willing that the Conservatives should have a fair trial, must acknowledge that at present very little would be gained by the formation of a Conservative Ministry.

ITALY.

SOMEbody seems to be singularly interested in prolonging the panic occasioned by the German crisis. With some difficulty, and in spite of the telegraphic wires of the Continent, we have learnt at last that a collision between Austria and Prussia is adjourned. The happy intelligence is at once followed up by rumours of an Italian movement, which are designedly made as alarming as is possible. The fortifications of Cremona, we are reminded, are to be completed at once; we are not reminded that their completion must be a work of months. Troops are being moved through the Peninsula; reserves called out; horses and guns bought; and depôts formed. Last, not least, GARIBALDI is said to have left Caprera, and first blood had been drawn—so ran the story—in Rovigo, in a conflict between Italian volunteers and Austrian troops. The latter piece of news turns out at length to have been a simple fabrication. We shall be curious to know by whom, and with what immediate object, it was invented. The narratives of military organization are possibly less inaccurate, notwithstanding official contradictions; but they partially, if not entirely, relate to organizations made and making while Austria and Prussia were still upon the brink of war. The news of the decree for the fortification of Cremona is a specimen of these ominous reports. Its date is long anterior to the first symptoms of amicable concession at Berlin and Vienna. The truth is that the Italians have necessarily observed with lively interest the dissensions of the two great German Powers, and have wished to prepare themselves to meet every contingency which might place the liberty of Venice within their reach. Simultaneously with the lull in Germany we are beginning to hear of all these preparations, which the lull renders comparatively unimportant. The news of them comes as a sort of afterwave of the German crisis. But, unless the Italian nation has taken leave of its senses, and is anxious to stake its very existence on a throw of the dice, peace at Berlin and Vienna means peace upon the Po.

In any case, war at the present moment would have been a great calamity to Italy. The Italians cannot go to war without heavier sacrifices than they would like to bear. They cannot borrow money, for two reasons. First of all, they cannot get it, even with the help of France. Secondly, they dare not increase their annual outgoings by the bare interest of another loan. And the country is beginning, now that it is self-governed, to understand how costly war is, and how immediately a warlike policy affects the comfort of all classes. The prospect of a heavy income-tax will not tend to make the nation keener to burn away powder, and to sacrifice life

and labour and trade. And, above and beyond all this, the Italians know that, whether successful or unsuccessful in an Austrian conflict, they would still have an account to settle with the French Emperor. They are at his mercy, whether they beat Austria, or Austria beats them. In the former contingency, France would require compensation for the enlargement of the Italian frontier. In the latter, as the price of her protection, she would be able to dictate her own terms both about the line of the Sesia and the Papal See. How fixed their resolution is to free Venice may be guessed from the intention of the Italians, despite all these dangers and difficulties, to use the German crisis for their own ends. Definite plans up to the last they may not have formed. Like NAPOLEON III. and CÉSAR, and Genius itself as delineated in the life of CÉSAR, they meant to wait and watch events. The Prussian Treaty turns out, like the battle of Rovigo, to be a circumstantial concoction, and is now repudiated by the very Berlin journals whose interest it was ten days ago to pretend to credit the vain tale. No such formal stipulation was ever made between the Cabinets of Florence and Berlin, or believed in by sensible politicians. We are inclined rather to conjecture that it was not till Austria had been sounded on the subject of Venetia, that Italy meant to ally herself to so discreditable and reactionary a programme as that of Count BISMARCK. Now that the Prussian Premier appears to have retired temporarily into his shell, the Italian programme must be altered.

The menacing attitude assumed by Italy on the occasion will not do her much good immediately. The Austrians cannot but be irritated at her demonstrations of ill-will. It may not be true that the Austrian Emperor has refused to see Count ARÈSE and M. VISCONTI VENOSTA; but it would not be at all singular if he had done so. The natural animosity between the rival races and the rival governments, which has been sleeping since the Treaty of Zurich, has all been revived again in the course of a few weeks. If Italy now obtains Venice from Austria, it will be solely by means of the good offices of France. On the other hand, it has become more and more plain that nothing except the cession of Venetia can satisfy the Italians. Until their aspirations are fulfilled, Austria's difficulty, whether it be on the side of Hungary or Prussia or Russia, will always be Italy's opportunity. What wise Austrian statesmen ought to be planning is not so much how to help surrendering Venice as how to keep Trieste and a strong southern frontier. While, therefore, the temporary preparations of Italy may have the effect of postponing for a time all probability of a peaceful solution of the Venetian question, they must have brought home seriously to the minds of Viennese politicians the truth that it is as necessary for Austria's German position that she should compromise with Italy as it is that she should compromise with Hungary.

A similar remark may hold good as to the Imperial plan—often unsuccessfully mooted, never finally abandoned—of a peaceable consideration of European questions in full European Congress. It is not on the morrow after such a quarrel as that between Austria and Prussia that the project of a Congress seems most feasible. Austria might entertain less objection to the scheme this year than she did when it was last put forward by authority. Prussia can certainly have little to expect from any European tribunal to which the destiny of the Duchies of the Elbe should be the sole matter to be referred. But there are now a number of pressing political problems, some of which probably can never be brought to a final and happy settlement except by a European Congress or by war. There is not only Rome and Venetia, but the Principalities too. And, inside Germany, Prussia never will be satisfied until her position in the Confederation is altered and her Federal rights and duties reconsidered. The cloud of to-day may blow over till to-morrow, but it will return again in a different shape till it is satisfactorily banished. Such is the fixed view of French politicians in general, and not merely of the French Emperor. If, indeed, Germany could hope to arrange her internal affairs without the intervention of her two powerful neighbours, she might prefer to try to do so. But no isolated movement of the kind is possible for Germany. NAPOLEON III., while studiously silent on the subject of Schleswig-Holstein, has let it be clearly understood that German Federal Reform is a Continental and not a domestic question. Perhaps from a general Congress Italy might not obtain all that she desires. But in any case a rash and single-handed contest with Austria could bring her to no good. She has far more to hope from time and the progress of liberal opinion in France and Germany than from any hasty and suicidal attack upon a more powerful nation than herself. It would

be idle to prophesy about coming events, so long as nations are precipitate and monarchs obstinate. But if Italy still meditates a war this year, only one of two conclusions is possible. Either a gross diplomatic fraud has been perpetrated upon the Austrian Emperor by those who pretend to wish him well, and to be anxious to preserve the peace, or the whole of Italy has suddenly gone mad. We do not see sound reason as yet for crediting either alternative. There is certainly no strong war fever as yet in the Italian Peninsula, though such a sentiment would have developed itself, in all human probability, during the course of an intestine German struggle. The Cabinet of Florence is perfectly competent to restrain the idle passions of inconsiderate fanatics and to prevent any violation of the Venetian frontier; and it is the interest of Italian statesmen as patriotic citizens, no less than as political calculators, to put down with a high hand all attempts to fan the native animosity between Venetians and Austrians into a flame. Nothing could come of such mad folly but disaster and ruin both to Italy and to the Liberal cause throughout the Continent.

MR. BRIGHT.

SOME of the opponents of the Government hoped much from Mr. BRIGHT's speech. They were prepared for eloquence, and they anticipated a burst of violence which would decide timid and wavering supporters of the Bill. More experienced members, however, formed a sounder judgment from observation of Mr. BRIGHT's Parliamentary tactics. Not even O'CONNELL drew so constant a distinction between addressing the House of Commons and haranguing an audience of heated partisans. In both cases it is the object of the orator to secure adhesion to his opinions, but it is only where opinions are divided that it is necessary to persuade. Three or four weeks have passed since Mr. BRIGHT asserted that Parliament never adopts any good measure except under compulsion; and he even proposed that a mob should assemble in the approaches to the House, for the avowed purpose of intimidation. In the debate his manner and language were studiously calm, and the indisposition which diminished the rhetorical effect of his speech seemed to confirm the intended impression, that his arguments were addressed exclusively to the reason. An enemy might charge Mr. BRIGHT with insincerity when he reserves all his strongest feelings and most cherished designs; but reticence is not to be confounded with dissimulation, and controversy may be legitimately conducted on grounds which are common to both disputants. Although Mr. BRIGHT undoubtedly desires to abolish or remodel the English Constitution, he is at liberty to contend that an instalment of change would be in itself advantageous. It was his business to make light of results which he would not value if he believed that they were at the same time inconsiderable and final. In one or two passages alone he was unable to suppress his characteristic pugnacity, as when he referred to the rank and wealth of the GROSVENORS and STANLEYS, and warned his adversaries that nobles seldom in modern times succeed in a contest with the people. The remark may have been made in a spirit of menace and hostility, but it is nevertheless perfectly true that the safety and influence of the aristocracy depend upon its political divisions, and that one of the happiest circumstances in English history has been the alliance of the hereditary Whigs with the Liberal party. It would be a public misfortune if the sectional lines of political opinion coincided with the social classification of the community. Reformers are never tired of affirming, as an established truth, the conjecture that working men would associate themselves, as electors, with different parties; but the combination which might confer undue preponderance on a multitude would be ruinous to a privileged and envied minority. It is satisfactory to believe that the class which is the object of Mr. BRIGHT's habitual ill-will is in little danger of committing a mistake which he would perhaps by no means view with regret.

It was as easy to argue that the reduction of the franchise was more urgent than the redistribution of seats as to sustain the opposite conclusion. Of the two processes, however, the diminution of the anomalies which affect electoral districts would be incomparably more operative for good or for evil. The alteration of the enfranchising rental from 10*l.* to 7*l.* is, as Mr. BRIGHT said, simpler, and ostensibly more easy to be understood. He added that the representatives of small boroughs, who might be expected to defend their respective constituencies, have not shown, as a body, any special hostility to the Government Bill. In other words, the fowler has

spread the net in the sight of the birds without producing a panic. Perhaps the threatened members reserve their opposition for Committee, when they will have heard from Mr. GLADSTONE the particulars of their doom. Mr. BRIGHT furnished the best answer to his own argument when he added that he could construct an electoral system which would practically disfranchise the mass of the community, although it included universal suffrage. It seems to follow that the Government has begun at the wrong end, or rather that the whole question ought to have been submitted to Parliament at once. Mr. BRIGHT was less unfortunate in his argument addressed to the authors and supporters of Lord DERBY's Bill. The Government of 1859 proposed an extensive measure of enfranchisement, and the transfer of fifteen seats from small constituencies to populous counties and boroughs; and it was not unfair to inquire of Mr. DISRAELI and his party whether they would be contented with Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill if it were so far modified as to redistribute fifteen seats. It was, of course, easy to answer that Lord GROSVENOR's objection is not that the future redistribution is small or large, but that it has been withheld from the knowledge of Parliament; but a point in debate is not less successfully taken because the momentary triumph may be partially explained away. Mr. BRIGHT scarcely attempted to disturb Lord STANLEY's demonstration that the tendency of a Franchise Bill can only be ascertained when the future arrangement of constituencies is settled. As the majority of those who were prepared to vote with Lord STANLEY were glad to profit by the mistake of the Government, Mr. BRIGHT plausibly assumed to himself, and to the party with which he acted, a monopoly of attachment to Reform.

If the Franchise Bill were, by some unexpected fortune, to pass safely through the shoals which have beset it from the beginning of its course, it is easy to foresee the inferences which Mr. BRIGHT would deduce, in the subsequent discussion, from the principle of the measure. To any moderate proposal of readjustment he would object that the House of Commons had precluded itself from depriving of substantial power a class which had been thought worthy of admission to the suffrage. According to Mr. MILL, the right of voting in a perpetual minority is as little profitable to the working-man as it may soon become to the merchant and to the shop-keeper. It will be argued that qualified electors ought to have the opportunity of electing members, and that their power should bear some reasonable proportion to their numbers. The metropolitan constituencies will luckily not be greatly enlarged by any reduction of the renting franchise; but, in some large towns, the vote which may be conceded will be obviously worthless from the amount of the mass in which it will only form an imperceptible atom. Mr. BRIGHT fully understands that the rearrangement which he has often demanded will become, or will appear, more indispensable after the entire electoral body has been doubled. When, seven years ago, he gave Lord RUSSELL the advice which has since proved so fruitful, he knew that, according to the old proverb, the half was more than the whole, and that a Franchise Bill which rendered necessary or probable a sweeping distribution of seats was, for democratic purposes, preferable to a complete measure founded on the existing state of the suffrage. The unpopularity which the Government has incurred through the suspicion of Mr. BRIGHT's participation in its councils is entirely due to the singular awkwardness of Lord RUSSELL himself. It was wholly unnecessary to inform the meeting in Downing Street that the separate prosecution of the Franchise Bill was first suggested by Mr. BRIGHT. In 1859 Lord RUSSELL appears to have explained, with remarkable sagacity, the practical objection which he has since forgotten or neglected.

Although Mr. BRIGHT's speech was unusually deficient in rhetorical ornament, his peroration was effective. An orator must have acquired a remarkable position in an unsympathetic assembly when he can venture to end an elaborate speech with a formal eulogy on himself. In answer to frequent enumerations of the beneficent measures which had been passed by the House of Commons as it was organized in 1832, Mr. BRIGHT reminded his audience that he had himself taken part in almost all the political movements which have since approved themselves by their legislative results. It was not necessary to remember that the unjust and pernicious changes which he has failed to accomplish, and the useful measures which he has hindered, might have furnished as full, if not as imposing, a catalogue. The alarm which he caused by his revolutionary speeches in the North of England and in Scotland was a principal cause of the failure of all the projects of Reform which have yet been brought forward. Mr. BRIGHT has not yet

succeeded in laying the bulk of taxation on realized property, nor in settling the weavers of Glasgow on little freeholds in the moors and deer forests of the Highlands. His foreign policy has almost uniformly been repudiated by Parliament, and it would perhaps be still less acceptable to a House of Commons elected by a constituency of artisans. Mr. BRIGHT's admirers must admit that his great powers have been ungrudgingly recognised by his most uncompromising antagonists, but their generous recognition has rarely been required except by vituperation and invective. It is strange that a man of unusual ability, who among his equals not unfrequently reasons like a statesman, should out of doors display as little sympathy for his political rivals as for the institutions of his country. His speech was, on the whole, among the ablest of those delivered on the Ministerial side, but it might have had more effect had it been possible to forget that the speaker would have preferred to dispense with the necessity of argument, and to intimidate an unconvinced Parliament into dishonest subservience to mob clamour.

IRISH RAILWAYS.

AMONG the many depressed interests with which Ireland abounds, the Railway Companies are not the least conspicuous, and the fact acquires additional importance when it is remembered that the stagnation of railway traffic is at once the sign and the cause of stagnation in everything else. Some years ago the Irish Railway Companies were confident that they had secured a special lease of prosperity. Coming into the world after the English system was developed, warned by (to them) cheap experience of the rocks on which their enterprise might split, with no battle of the gauges to fight, and comparatively little opposition to subdue or conciliate, they dreamed of a career of unbroken success. And for a time they seemed really on the way to secure it. But Ireland drooped and the railway traffic declined; and fares were raised and profits immediately fell; and Companies quarrelled and impeded each other; and so expenses increased, and the travelling public were driven away; and the English panacea of amalgamation was proposed, but there was no capacity for amalgamation in Ireland, and the terms which one Company would offer never squared with those which another would accept. And so matters went from bad to worse, and dividends declined, and preference shares became doubtful securities, and debentures were not always paid, and in one instance a line was absolutely shut up because it did not pay its working expenses. In the course of three or four years the average ordinary dividends fell from about $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and everything connected with railways showed unmistakable symptoms of going to the bad. And yet the lines for the most part were thoroughly well made at an outlay of about 13,000*l.* per mile, less than half what English railways have cost; the emigration tide, though it diminished the population, at the same time gave some compensation to the railways; the prospects of the country, though dull, were by no means hopeless, and the fall in railway profits was evidently due to causes which affected the business of locomotion more severely than any other business in the country. The railway interest in Ireland is a very small affair compared with that of England. Its whole mileage is less than 1,700 miles, its aggregate share and loan capital is under 24,000,000*l.*, and its gross traffic receipts about 1,500,000*l.*, figures which look insignificant enough by the side of the totals which represent the capital and traffic of the English lines. In fact, the best idea of the whole Irish system is conveyed by saying that its gross income is considerably below that of the Great Eastern, not one of the largest or most prosperous of our English Companies.

The state of things we have described could not fail to suggest inquiries why it was so bad, and how it might be made better. The former question was more easily answered than the latter, but both have been made the subject of the earliest investigations of the Railway Commission now sitting under the presidency of the Duke of Devonshire, and a voluminous Blue-book of evidence relating to the Irish railways has been recently issued. We do not propose, on this occasion, to discuss in any detail the remedial measures suggested by witnesses selected from among the most prominent of the railway community, not only in Ireland, but in this country also. But it is not at all difficult to trace the broad features of the mischief to be dealt with. Speaking, of course, in general terms, the result of the evidence is this. Irish railways do not accommodate the Irish people, and, as a consequence, the Irish people do not travel by railway. The whole number of passengers, when compared with the popu-

lation, is one-sixth of the English rate, and one quarter of that of Scotland; and the returns of goods traffic are not less unfavourable. One great cause of this is that Ireland is much less wealthy than England, or even Scotland; but a large proportion of the depression in railway matters is due to the fact that the management of Irish railways neither consults the convenience nor the pockets of the people. The average fares in poor Ireland are somewhat higher than in rich England, while the number of people who can afford to pay them is incalculably less. Of course no one supposes that a Railway Company is to carry at a loss because those who wish to use the line object to paying for the accommodation. But it is now beginning to be understood by the public, as it has long been secretly known to railway managers, that carrying at a loss is a fiction of locomotive oratory which it is almost impossible to realize when prices are such as to fill the trains. Mr. BIDDER, the well-known engineer, in his evidence, gives some of the results which have become stereotyped maxims in railway management, and which are found to be verified on all large systems, though they may vary as much in their circumstances as those of the London and North-Western and the Great Eastern Companies. The railway unit of comparison is the "train mile." Work done is measured by the number of train miles. Gross earnings and expenditure are estimated as reasonable or otherwise by reference to the train mile. Stated in this form, the curious fact comes out that upon all considerable lines the normal gross earnings are, as near as may be, 5s. per train mile; the total working expenses, including all establishment and other outlay, just about 2s. 6d. per train mile. It makes only an inappreciable difference in cost whether the 5s. is earned by carrying a few passengers at a high rate, or many passengers at a low rate. Thus the requisite paying receipts may be obtained by carrying 20 passengers at 3d. per mile, 60 passengers at 1d., 120 at $\frac{1}{2}$ d., or 240 at $\frac{1}{4}$ d.; and all that a railway has to consider is which of these rates will bring in the largest gross earnings. We believe we may make these statements without the risk of any material error, if only from the circumstance that they were referred to as familiar facts by an engineer and director of large experience, and accepted without question by a Commission on which, among others, Mr. GLYN was sitting.

One conclusion is irresistible, and that is that the rate which is most productive in a poor country must be lower than that which brings in the largest returns in a rich country. If an average rate of $1\frac{1}{4}$ d. per mile—that is, an average number of 48 passengers—is the best paying tariff in England, something considerably lower would be the most remunerative scale for Ireland; and the odd fact is, that as a rule the Irish rates are higher than those common in England, and the number of passengers carried by each train even below the handful which forms the average on our lines. The people walk, or go by BIANCONI'S cars, and send their goods and even their minerals in carts, alongside of a railway, sometimes because they cannot afford the prices charged, and sometimes because the low rate of wages makes rival conveyances cheaper than the steam horse. At the same time, railway dividends are not paid, because the trains travel empty.

Now, if this is as obvious as it seems, it may be asked why, in the name of common sense, do not Directors lower their tariffs? The evidence of Railway managers and chairmen, as well as that of travellers in Ireland, all points to one answer. To make a low tariff pay, you must persist in it for some time with less profit than the old high fares may have brought in, until the people get accustomed to use the railway freely. The profit made by reducing fares far below the Irish or even the English standard is certain to come, but no one can exactly foretell how long it may be before its arrival, and the interval is always longer in a sluggish agricultural country than in a pushing commercial district. Further, in order to give fair play to the policy of reduction, it is necessary to consult the convenience of passengers. No needless delays at junctions, no vexatious cross-purposes between different Companies, must be permitted; and it so happens that both these essential conditions are wanting in Ireland, as matters are at present managed. As one of a thousand illustrations of the way in which the rival Companies accommodate each other and the public, it may be enough to state the fact mentioned by Mr. RYAN, a Limerick merchant, that a third-class passenger who wishes to go from Clare to spend a day at Dublin, and return, cannot do so without occupying four days. The want of harmony between the Companies is, however, the smallest part of the evil. Prices are kept up at prohibitive rates, because the Companies are too poor to be able to risk the temporary reduction of dividend which may be the necessary prelude to a certain

and large increase after the lapse of one or, possibly, two years. Managers in vain urge their Directors to take this rational course; the reply is, that they dare not face their shareholders with the risk of a diminution for a single half-year in the already attenuated dividend. They have got into a wrong groove, and though most of them seem to be conscious of their error, very few have had the strength or the courage to correct it. And who can wonder at this, when it is borne in mind how wretched the dividends are on many of the Irish lines? There are forty railways in Ireland, of which fourteen pay dividends on their ordinary stock, sixteen pay their preference charges, and the remaining ten pay neither one nor the other. Shares, charges, debt, and all, the whole capital of the Irish Railways is now worth, at market prices, somewhere about 15,000,000*l.*, the expenditure having been 9,000,000*l.* more. In this dreary plight it is not wonderful that enterprising management and bold reductions have become impossible even with those Directors, and they are many, who recognise the certainty of ultimate success. The same hindrances, and more especially the difficulty of establishing through traffic, or effecting amalgamations among different lines, have destroyed the goods and mineral traffic, just as the past blunders and present poverty of the Companies have starved the passenger traffic. It was stated by several witnesses that coals might be carried to many parts of Ireland by railway at remunerative rates, and sold at a large reduction upon existing prices. But Companies do not work together, and no one ventures on low charges, and so there is substantially no coal traffic at all.

As might have been expected, more than one remedy was suggested to the Commission for this grievous state of things. Almost all the Irish witnesses agree in this, that their railways will never be fairly restored to the prosperity and activity which are essential to the progress of the country without some direct or indirect assistance from the State. A few dimly hinted at the inadmissible proposition that money should be advanced out of the Consolidated Fund, by way of loan, to enable the Companies to retrieve the bad management of the past. But it is pleasant to observe that nearly all who gave evidence acknowledged that this mode of relief had been carried quite as far in the early days of some of the Companies as was prudent for the State, or even beneficial to Ireland itself; and the question chiefly discussed was whether it was feasible by any means to unite the Irish railways, and enable them all to work vigorously on the only sound system, that of low fares, without appreciable risk to the Exchequer, and without the mischievous and indefensible machinery of subsidies and loans. Before considering any project of the kind it is essential to see that three preliminary conditions are satisfied. First, the State must not, on a fair calculation, be a loser by the transaction; secondly, the public must be accommodated by cheaper and better locomotion; and lastly, the arrangement must be favourable enough to shareholders to secure their general concurrence and support. Whether any of the plans proposed would come up to this standard is a question which needs fuller discussion than we can give it now; but it may be argued, in favour of the Irish Railways, that a scheme which would be wholly impracticable as applied to the English system, with its gigantic capital and its numerous and conflicting interests, might prove quite manageable in dealing with a group of Companies whose aggregate property is represented by some 15,000,000*l.*, and whose members seem to desire nothing so much as a happy release, on any reasonable terms, from their present embarrassing position.

THE FENIANS IN AMERICA.

THE menaces of Fenian freebooters against New Brunswick and Canada derive their sole importance from the unfriendly disposition of the American people and Government. The Democrats used to indulge, a few years ago, in private enterprises for the conquest of Cuba, or for the annexation of Central America; but the Republican party and the Northern States in general professedly disapproved of the piracies of LOPEZ and WALKER. No party in the present day, however, ventures to denounce shameless efforts for the conquest of English provinces. Since the commencement of the Fenian agitation, the conspiracy has never been discountenanced by the Government of the United States. When armed vessels are collected for the purpose of invasion on the frontier of New Brunswick, it is gravely stated that the presence of English gun-boats for the purpose of resisting the attack has caused great irritation at Eastport. There is no question of belligerent rights, or of sympathy with one of two parties in a civil war. New Brunswick is as free as Kent or Yorkshire from internal dissension

and from revolutionary projects; and any force which may enter the provinces from American soil will consist exclusively of foreign enemies, although they will have no recognised flag, and no domicile but the United States. During four years of a great and regular war, one vessel destined for the service of the Confederacy escaped, without her armament, from an English port. The United States Marshal seems already, in a time of professed peace, to have allowed an armed Fenian *Alabama* to sail from Eastport. There would be some excuse for the lawlessness of American politics if the accomplices of the Fenian adventurers felt even a mistaken enthusiasm for the cause which they favour or support; but it is universally admitted that the Irish are only less unpopular in America than the English, and even the most ignorant partisans are well aware that no Fenian Republic can by any possibility be established in Canada. WALKER contrived, at one time, to make himself President or Dictator of Nicaragua, whereas SWEENEY and O'MAHONY would not even pretend to aspire to a similar dignity in Canada. The chiefs of an imaginary Irish Republic are to invade the British provinces for the purpose of extending the territory of the United States. Europeans have sometimes been as unscrupulous, but they have seldom been equally cynical.

The reported preparations for invasion are probably exaggerated, but there can scarcely be a doubt that Fenian emissaries will provoke a collision with the fishermen of Nova Scotia. It remains to be seen whether the American authorities will profit by the occasion of quarrel which the Government has, with the active aid of Congress, deliberately furnished. The insolent threats of Mr. MORRILL and other Republican orators show that a desire of spoliation formed one of the motives of a policy which primarily tended to commercial restriction. The termination of the Reciprocity Treaty was advocated on various grounds of immorality and selfishness, and the least disreputable arguments for the step were deduced from its obvious tendency to create a pernicious monopoly. The hope that injury to Canadian trade would suggest the remedy of annexation will probably appear to have been based on an erroneous estimate of human and colonial nature. Alienation of feeling caused by wilful injury is not the best preparation for union. Mr. MORRILL's anticipation of a fishery dispute, to be followed by conquest, was perhaps more plausible. It is possible that the great armies which the Federal Government could command might overrun the British provinces; but Americans, though they steadily abstain from profiting by the history of the Old World, ought already to have learned from their own experience that a conquered dependency is a troublesome appendage to a democratic Republic. The Canadians, if they are destined to submit to the invader, will be long in forgiving an unprovoked attack and a profligate conquest. One Poland in the North and another in the South would embarrass the admiring rival of Russia. The separation of Canada from the British Empire would, in the natural order of events, not improbably be attended by circumstances of irritation; but the memory of a violent severance, effected by alien force, would perpetuate the feeling of attachment to the Mother-country and of dislike to the usurper. If war breaks out in consequence either of Fenian outrages or of interference with the fisheries, the Americans will have been exclusively responsible for the calamity. At the same time it is the duty of the English Government to avoid, with the utmost care, any claim of territorial jurisdiction which is not sanctioned by law. There is an old dispute whether the waters appurtenant to the shore are to be measured by a parallel line, or by a more rectilinear boundary passing direct from one headland to another. Although the language of the convention of 1818 favours the English claim, it would seem impossible to establish any universal rule. A little bay seven or eight miles across belongs naturally to the coast which encloses it; but it would be absurd to claim exclusive possession of the Bay of Biscay, even if its shores were possessed by a single Power. In default of compromise and agreement, such questions appear well suited to arbitration; but in dealing with any European Government it would be more desirable to settle the controversy by treaty. American diplomacy is so repellent in its fashions, and so exorbitant in its pretensions, that attempts at negotiation are seldom hopeful; yet it ought to be possible to settle a question which is principally important because it involves a point of honour. Almost the only reason for excluding the Massachusetts boats from the fisheries is that the right terminated with the Reciprocity Treaty. If the concession were likely to meet with any equitable return, it would be highly desirable that the waters should remain, as for ten years past, open to the fishermen of both nations.

The risk of a collision is increased by the political complications at Washington. Although the restoration of financial prosperity depends on the maintenance of peace, it may seem to be the interest of one or both of the contending parties to divert public attention from domestic issues by foreign war. The struggle between the PRESIDENT and the Congress daily increases in bitterness, and it is now thought that popular feeling inclines to the supporters of the Civil Rights Bill. The PRESIDENT relied on a coalition of the Democrats with those who were thought likely to detach themselves from the dominant party; but in the Senate and the House of Representatives there are no moderate Republicans, with the respectable exception of Mr. RAYMOND. Mr. MORGAN of New York was compelled to vote for passing the Civil Rights Bill over the PRESIDENT's veto, and it is believed that the constituencies generally concur in the measures of Congress. The meaning of the Constitution is, for the first time, subjected to a practical test, and it becomes necessary to ascertain whether supreme power rests with the two Houses or with the Executive Government. Mr. JOHNSON could not, if he would, dismiss his Ministers, because the adverse majority in the Senate might probably refuse to accept the nomination of their successors. On the other hand, Congress has not yet acquired the functions of a sovereign Legislature, inasmuch as its attributes are expressly limited by the Constitution. The Supreme Court will have to decide whether the Civil Rights Bill, and many other recent measures, are consistent with the paramount and fundamental law. If the PRESIDENT's opinion is sound, the Act is mere waste paper, and it will scarcely be possible to enforce its provisions in the Southern States without the aid of military force. Although Mr. JOHNSON has on one or two occasions conceded unjustifiable favour to Fenian ringleaders, he is not known to incline to a war with England. His angriest opponents have supported various offensive motions in the House of Representatives and the Senate, but perhaps it may have been their object to create a doubt of the PRESIDENT's patriotism. Mr. SEWARD has hitherto seemed disposed to support the PRESIDENT, although he was hasty in announcing that his street speech at Washington had saved the country and ensured its happiness. On the whole, it may be conjectured that the American Government will not deliberately produce a rupture; but it is not safe to rely on prudence when it is not backed by any friendly or generous feeling.

THE ELECTION COMMITTEES.

THE intelligent foreigner who is perpetually improving his mind by the contemplation of British institutions must find himself more perplexed than edified by the proceedings of recent Election Committees. If he is a Frenchman, he is anxious to contrast the working of a real with that of a sham Parliament; if an Italian, that of a new with that of a long-established Parliament; if a German, that of a Parliament which directly influences the Executive Government of the country with that of one which the Executive Government habitually treats with studied contempt and undissembled insolence. But while his anticipations are partly satisfied, and his curiosity fully repaid, by the mode in which debates and legislation are conducted, he must be infinitely puzzled by the process which precedes the creation of the legislators, and hardly less by that which follows it. Three months of a new Session are not yet over; yet already not a few boroughs have been pronounced memberless, and are condemned to the alternative condition of a fresh wooing or a protracted widowhood. If the general result surprises him, the circumstances which lead to it must surprise him still more. For, deducting the case of Cambridge, where one sitting member was unseated through the unexpected interpretation of a law which is now utterly superfluous for the original purpose of its enactment, all the other voided elections disclose a state of things which, whatever its excellences and advantages may be, is decidedly at variance with the highest standard of political virtue. In Nottingham the choice of representatives to make laws for, and impose taxes on, the QUEEN's lieges was aided in one direction and retarded in another by as pretty a display of physical force and menace as ever was witnessed in an Irish borough. In Totnes and Great Yarmouth the corruption has been on a scale of prodigal munificence worthy of the times and scenes immortalized by HOGARTH. It would seem as if borough electors held a view of election morals somewhat analogous to CHARLES LAMB's view of the morals of the comic drama of the Carolinian epoch. That critic's defence of them, as interpreted by MACAULAY, amounted to this:—The dramas themselves were full of indecent expres-

sions and immoral plots, but the dramatists were not to be judged by the standard of morality which exists, and ought to exist, in real life. Their world is a conventional world. Their heroes and heroines belong, not to England, nor to Christendom, but to a Utopia of gallantry, to a fairyland where the Bible and *Burns' Justice* are unknown, where a prank which on this earth would be rewarded with the pillory is merely matter for a peal of elvish laughter. A real Horner or a real Careless would, it is admitted, be exceedingly bad men. But to predicate morality or immorality of the Horner of WYCHERLEY or the Careless of CONGREVE is as absurd as it would be to arraign a sleeper for his dreams. It may be that the people who flocked to see the *Country Wife* or the *Double Dealer* regarded those productions as dreams of Utopia, and did not allow the teachings of the Maskwells or the Horners on the stage to undo the good which they had learned from the Souths, the CLARKS, and the SHERLOCKS in the pulpit. In the same way, we may consider the average voter to be inspired by a pure thirst for Reform, to regard the election of members of Parliament as the whole or the highest duty of man, and the inculcation of constitutional doctrines as the first function of a good father and subject; whilst the Yarmouths, the Helstons, and the Totneses are so many fairylands of corruption in which eccentric voters play off an exceptional and Utopian venality for the edification of wondering and untainted spectators.

It is through this medium that we ought perhaps to regard the evidence of that variable politician, Mr. W. BICKERS, of Jail Street, Yarmouth. This elector assured the Committee that he had voted according to his principles, but that his principles had undergone a sensible change between the period when he accepted 15*l.* to give his vote for one side and the morning when he gave it for the other. In the same light we should view the Fabian irresolution of another voter who, when asked for his vote by Sir E. LACON, dispensed with any political discussion, and significantly replied that he could not give it to him because Sir EDMUND had not supported him so well in business as he ought to have done. The anxieties and the scruples of Mr. R. ETHERIDGE would make a diverting scene in a comedy conceived on the principle of the Carolinian dramatists. When this gentleman was solicited for his promised vote, he was anxious to know in what way he should be the gainer by the transaction. As he frankly confided to the Committee, the house he then occupied was for sale, and he naturally wanted to become its possessor. So, when canvassed, he veils his personal purpose under a political scruple, and replies, "I have always voted for Liberal principles and cannot give you my vote"; which only provokes the rejoinder, "Oh, that's all nonsense." And nonsense it proved to be, for his friend knew his secret. "You want money," he said, and then arranged that money should be brought by a certain person to a certain place. The person came; and put down fifteen sovereigns on the table. Here came the struggle of conscience. When the tempter had placed the gold before him, with the promise to call for him in the morning to vote, Mr. ETHERIDGE's answer was, "No, I'll be blown if you do." Then he touchingly added, "I left it on the table half an hour before I took it up. . . . I said it was no use his calling for me the next morning, for I should go off like a dog with his tail cut, and give my vote. . . . I did go like a dog with his tail cut to give my vote." Mr. JOHN JONES gives a graphic account of the compromise he made between his conscience and his necessities. The Conservative agent called and left 12*l.* with him in the evening, which he put away in his desk, but took back again the next morning. The reasons for thus acting were valid enough. "I expected that, if I was to be paid for doing as he liked, I should not have been insulted by so paltry a sum." In answer to the question whether he did not know of something better than 12*l.*, he said, "I am a poor man, and I do not refuse money; we all like it." This liking for money, though not so ingenuously admitted, seems to have characterized another Yarmouth voter, Mr. E. CLARKE, who did not, however, suffer it to warp his political principles, for he acted up to the theory of quartering himself on the enemy, and, after getting 14*l.* 10*s.* from one party, voted for the other for the minor consideration of 10*l.* At the Totnes election, Mr. NARRAMORE seems to have been tried by a severe mental struggle. He adhered to his political principles against a bribe of 200*l.*, but he candidly told the Committee that if a good situation, something like 300*l.* or 400*l.* a year, had been offered, he would have taken it. The Mayor of Totnes seems to be a casuist of the first water; for

he sought to resolve Mr. NARRAMORE's doubts by advising him to take the bribe of 200*l.* and vote against the bribers. But the general tenor of the evidence given before the Totnes Committee shows that there was such a plethora of money on both sides, that only the more delicate-minded of the electors could be expected to abstain from accepting the largesses of all the candidates. At the same time, it is only fair to mention that the "respectability" of Conservative partisanship went some way in the reduction of the gifts. An average Totnes elector would sell his vote to the Tory candidate for 15*l.*, when he would not sell it under 25*l.* to the Whig candidate—i.e. if he did not take money from both sides, or had not aspirations after a good place of 300*l.* a year.

It is certainly curious to contrast the glowing pictures of operative purity and patriotism drawn by orators of the BRIGHT school with such eccentric exceptions as we have described. While one admits them to be exceptions (for how can they be otherwise?), one cannot help having a somewhat uncomfortable feeling about the morality of the men who make our legislators. Are these Totnes and Helston men necessarily worse, or much worse in reality, than the others? Or is it that they are only more ingenuous? Is corruption the normal and natural state of the British small householder, from the exhibition of which he is only withheld by the stinginess of candidates or the stringency of bribery laws? Does he look on the suffrage as a perquisite which comes to hand once every four or five years? Is it his theory that, as gentlemen are so anxious to get into Parliament, a seat must be worth paying for, and should be paid for so long as the payment involves no penalties? If this be so—if the present freemen and the ten-pound householders in boroughs like Totnes, Helston, Windsor, Nottingham, or Maidstone, only regard Parliamentary elections as periodical saturnalia, at which they may get any sum from 10*l.* up to 300*l.*, and live a life of riot and drink for a month afterwards, to be followed by the chance of a second bribe for peaching on the agents of the former corruption—then it becomes a question for the moralist and the statesman whether we could not have a Parliamentary government without civic corruption. One is apt to ask which would do the least harm to public morality—the expansion of the electoral body beyond the measure of the most capacious purse, or its contraction within the narrowest bounds of personal honour, intelligence, and integrity? Unfortunately, the latter course is not open to any practical statesman; and as for the former, the example of American elections shows us that even where the candidates are not so often wealthy men as poor men trading in politics, and even where the Ballot shields the voter, still the means are readily forthcoming for bribing any number of electors. The alternative, indeed, is not pleasant, of having either to spend millions on the creation of an upright and educated Legislature, or to hand the Government over bodily to masses of whom the majority must, from the force of circumstances, be as shortsighted in the estimate of their own interests, and as reckless in the mode of furthering them, as they are ignorant of the best interests of the country.

FIRST STEPS.

THE saying, "Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte," is one of those which have become proverbial by means rather of their truth, and the variety of applications of which they are capable, than of their wit or wisdom. There are at least two senses in which the truth of this proverb is matter of daily experience. "Well begun," as we are all aware, is, in many things, "half done." For instance, in writing a long-delayed letter, who does not know how disproportionate is sometimes the sense of relief when the first half page has been accomplished; how, in some cases, when that stage has been surmounted, the mind rises with a rebound which in the next page may take the form of communicativeness, of unwonted cordiality, or even of facetiousness, according to circumstances. To enjoy in its fullness this sense of elasticity as an immediate consequence of having taken the first step, it is perhaps necessary to have passed through a previous period of procrastination and reluctance, which may be compared to the bending of a bow—the actual commencement of the letter being in this case the letting fly of the arrow, which afterwards shoots joyfully to, or even beyond, its mark somewhere on or about the fourth page. But even where there has been no previous reluctance to enhance the delight of accomplishment, there may be a comfort in the sense of being fairly embarked, which makes all the rest seem easy in comparison with the effort required to make the first step. And various devices may be employed in order to procure this comfortable sensation earlier than we are fairly entitled to its enjoyment. It may be a question whether good resolutions are not in the nature of anticipatory first steps; whether we

do not cheat ourselves with the sense of having actually begun a given course of conduct when we have once fairly resolved upon it. But, without entering upon so profound, not to say dangerous, a speculation, we may observe various little devices which do not appear to have any other recommendation than that of separating the peculiar effort belonging to a first step from the effort naturally required for the undertaking before us, in order that we may encounter them singly, just as many people will pull the string of a shower-bath at one moment, and enter it the next. It has always appeared to us that the practice of invariably preaching from a text of Scripture, if not originally adopted with this view, might be justified on some such ground. How much many a shy man must be spared by hearing the sound of his own voice first in the familiar language of the Bible, before he need begin using it to utter his own words! So our cherished and time-honoured commonplaces about the weather, health, &c., are an untold blessing to those whose painful duty it is to begin a conversation which, when once begun, may be carried on indefinitely without any further expenditure of intellectual exertion. It is, however, a melancholy fact that this advantage is often recklessly squandered by thoughtless or unpractised members of society, especially young ladies. They will sometimes allow a conversation which has been kindled with infinite pains and resolution by a conscientious partner or neighbour to be extinguished half a dozen times in the course of a dance, perhaps twice as often in the course of a dinner, from a culpable ignorance or negligence of the fact that each fresh beginning involves all the peculiar effort of a first step, and, in the great majority of cases, a renewed expenditure of that precious store of sheltering commonplaces which even in the most gifted minds cannot be unlimited, and may in any given case be rapidly exhausted. For it should never be forgotten that although the same observations may be repeated night after night for any number of years with undiminished confidence, and with but slight variations according to the seasons, yet the greater number of them, especially those which take the form of questions, are available with the same person only once at each entertainment. They should therefore be carefully husbanded, and, when any less valuable coin can be made to answer the same purpose, it should always be taken advantage of. Sometimes, when the necessity for making a fresh beginning has unfortunately arisen where the reserve of commonplaces is getting dangerously low, the impending bankruptcy may be staved off for a time by a dexterous snatch at the thread of a more prosperous conversation already established between a neighbouring couple. You may thus reap the advantage of a first step made by them perhaps long before, as the late lamented spider-monkeys in the Zoological Gardens, when perches were placed inconveniently far apart, would contrive, by a sudden grasp of a neighbour's tail, to reach the end of the cage without a breakdown.

In reading, it is happily possible to dispense with the first step altogether, and to begin, as an Irishman would suggest, with the second. It would be curious, if it were possible, to ascertain how much the number of books read would be diminished if this resource were not open to us. How often should we have the resolution to begin at the beginning, and work our way steadily on till we "saw what we should see," if we could not first take a peep at the slides of the magic lantern, and ascertain that our favourite tiger is really there with the knot in his tail, and that we are not going to be put off with the missionary compound, and a view of Sierra Leone, or even with a portrait of the black bishop? It is a great compliment to a book when this preliminary glance leads us to turn resolutely to the first page, and commit ourselves unreservedly to the author's guidance; and in ordinary cases, perhaps, all that can be expected of the reader is that he should begin somewhere towards the early part of the first volume. In the case of novels, much may be, and we believe has been, said in favour of the practice of beginning systematically at the end. This, however, cannot be counted among the devices now under consideration; for it can scarcely be said to call for a less distinct first step than is required on the old-fashioned plan. The only way to escape that is to dip in quite at random, and without any conscious intention of reading the book at all, somewhere between the first declaration and the final reconciliation; or, in the modern novel, somewhere between the murder and the reappearance of the first husband; in either case, the nearer to the latter event the better. In the course of a more methodical study, there are people who in reading or writing anything which cannot be finished at a sitting, will, by preference, break off in the middle of a chapter, or even of a paragraph, in order to avoid the necessity of beginning on the next day at the (or rather at a) beginning. This perhaps betrays a morbid dread of first steps, but it may sometimes prove a real, though trifling, economy of momentum.

There is, however, as we began by remarking, another sense in which the proverb "*Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte*" is true. There are cases in which what has to be overcome is not the difficulty of making a beginning, but the reluctance to abandon a position. This reluctance may be a safeguard or a hindrance, according to circumstances. It is one of the commonest forms of obstinacy, and perhaps one of the least reasonable, to pride oneself on never having done some common action, or shared in some ordinary amusement; and those who find

themselves beginning to cherish this pride would do well to pay the forfeit of a first step, for the sake, not so much of taking a second in the same direction, as of putting themselves in a position to judge fairly whether it would be worth taking. We have met with people who have never played at croquet, or never been at a play, or never taken afternoon tea (or at least never confessed to it), or never written a book, or never travelled by the underground railway, or never been in an omnibus, or never read an heretical work, or never been at a May meeting, or never swallowed a globule, or never forgotten themselves, and who, instead of instantly exerting themselves to obtain that kinship with the whole world which such touches of nature confer, have actually taken a Pharisaic pride in never having touched the unclean thing. They will go as far out of their way to preserve intact this negative distinction as some people will go to avoid a turnpike, not because they have any difficulty in raising the necessary funds, but from a habit of making this tacit protest, which has at last grown into an almost personal spite against the liberal or figurative toll-bar. At this point a true friend would perhaps be justified in interfering to force the first step, which, by breaking down the artificial barrier, would leave the way open for either the adoption or the intelligent rejection of the practices in question. On the other hand, when the path is one which leads unmistakably downhill, it is an advantage not lightly to be thrown away never to have taken the first step. We all know what danger there is that even "incivility and procastination" may be the legitimate though remote consequences of "one thoughtless murder"; and the only excuse which can be offered for abandoning the strong position of never having embarked upon such a downward course at all is the great difficulty of seeing where it begins.

A cautious person may also reasonably feel some hesitation about abandoning such a position, where there is neither the pride of abstinence to be sacrificed, nor any moral objection to the earlier part at least of the path before him, but simply a conviction that it is one which, once entered, cannot be easily forsaken. This may be either because he is conscious of a dormant inclination which, like the tiger's taste for blood, may become unmanageable when once roused, or because he fears to awaken such an appetite in others who have hitherto expected nothing from him, but who will not fail to exact the uttermost farthing when once they become aware that he has anything to spend. Betting, smoking, travelling, going to sleep after dinner, building, spirit-rapping, and amateur doctoring may be mentioned as instances under the former head; and friendly correspondence, giving lectures, preserving and distributing foreign stamps or monograms, answering beggars by letter or otherwise, giving donations to charities, or indeed giving anything, or serving one's neighbours in any way, come under the latter. However justifiable, and even advisable, may be some hesitation in the first case, it is obviously not always to be encouraged in the second.

First steps, however, so far from always requiring an effort which may serve either as protection or hindrance, have in many cases a peculiar attractiveness and charm; even to the degree of enticing the unwary into undertakings of which they have not counted the cost, and which will remain unfinished, to be perhaps standing reproaches and burdens on the conscience. Children suffer grievously from this snare. Every one knows how eagerly they begin anything new, often without any attempt, and indeed without the power, to calculate the amount of effort which will be needed in order to persevere to the end. And many grown-up people have more of this childish zest in a new occupation than they choose to confess. Indeed, if they are wise, they will conceal it as much as possible, for it is one of the pleasures in which no one need hope for much sympathy. If it cannot be entirely concealed, an attempt is generally made to give the credit of one's fresh accession of hopefulness to the new instrument or state of things objectively, not to the fact of their subjective newness. But this transparent pretence is almost always disposed of at once by the proverb about new brooms, which most people resent as keenly as the imputation of having been asleep—to which indeed it is perhaps distantly related. But, apart from the mere love of novelty, there is a special and not altogether delusive charm about the earlier stages of many undertakings. This is chiefly felt in such beginnings as are not merely first steps, but may more properly be considered as first chapters or indexes—which, instead of being only the first of a series of similar acts, include a sort of plan or prophecy of the whole work. This is remarkably the case in painting; the first process being generally easy, and almost always delightful. Every artist—or, we should perhaps rather say, every amateur—is familiar with the melancholy change which takes place as the charming and suggestive first sketch is obscured by the slow and laborious addition of details, separate and necessarily inharmonious until complete. Happy are those who can count upon obtaining a corresponding but fuller charm and suggestiveness as they bring their work to a close. This valley of humiliation, occurring between an inspiring beginning and a ripe end, seems to be a necessary stage in most of our works, certainly in almost every work of art, and not least in the journey of life itself; the period of middle age being almost proverbially unpicturesque and uninteresting to the spectator, if not to the individual passing through it.

WOMEN'S FRIENDSHIPS.

IT happened some years ago in a school carried on according to the ancient Gilbertine principle, admitting scholars of both sexes, that the boys and the girls carried on their studies on opposite sides of a curtain. A hole was one day found in the curtain, which was clearly not the work of accident. It was ruled by common consent to be a sort of *Trou-Judas*, at least an undeveloped and infantine form of that institution. But then a great question arose which was not so easy to solve. The curtain was clearly torn by the dwellers on one side of it in order to get a sight of the dwellers on the other. But on which side was it torn? Did the boys tear it to look at the girls, or did the girls tear it to look at the boys? Opinions were divided, both as to the evidence of the fact and as to the *a priori* probability. Indeed we believe that the arguments on the two sides were so equally balanced that no positive conclusion was ever come to, and the culprits, of whichever sex, remained unpunished.

Now, if the child be the father of the man, and, we suppose by the same logic, the mother of the woman, there is surely a moral in this story. It surely means something more than that people of each sex like to look at one another, even from early childhood. It is surely something more than the mere pleasure of looking at anything which ought not to be looked at, or generally of doing anything which ought not to be done. It seems to point, of course in the most childish and undeveloped form, to something beyond mere general curiosity, or the mere general interest of one sex in the other. It is a childish example of a special form of these feelings. It points to the curiosity of men to know what women do when they are by themselves, and to the counter feeling, which we take for granted exists also—the curiosity of women to know what men do when they are by themselves. Such a curiosity certainly does exist on one side, and we think we can hardly be wrong in taking for granted that it exists at least as strongly on the other side. Such a curiosity, like most other forms of curiosity, may be either frivolous or rational, according to the form which it takes and the objects at which it aims.

A curiosity of this sort can, we suspect, never be fully gratified. Something may perhaps be got by each sex out of novels written by the other. But we know on one side, and we suspect on the other, that this takes us a very little way indeed. Really to learn anything in this way we must wait for the ideal novel, which is to contain nothing but what really happened, and which will therefore be unanimously set down as the most improbable and unnatural of all novels. More may doubtless be got by diligent cross-questioning of brothers and sisters, and still more of husbands and wives. But even this does not carry us very far. There is a sort of point of honour on each side which hinders either side from ever getting to the bottom of the matter. How much can a man ever find out of his own wife's doings and feelings when she was a girl? Very little, we fancy, in most cases. And supposing he does learn a little more than usual, think how limited is his field of inquiry. Most men have the chance of examining only one woman, or at most two, on such a point. To be sure, setting Orientals aside, Charles the Great and Henry the Eighth had greater opportunities in this way than most men. But did they use them? Of Charles we can say nothing either way. Henry, we suspect, tried and broke down. Indeed he learned so little from one of his wives on the most important point of all that he had a special Act of Parliament passed to make all future Queens—pity he did not add, all future wives of all ranks—more communicative.

It is perhaps merely an idle curiosity to ask what women talk about when they are together—whether, when they have retired to the drawing-room in the evening, or again in those mysterious mornings when men are at work, they talk only of worsted-work and croquet parties, or whether they talk of anything better or of anything worse. But it is by no means an idle curiosity to consider what is the sort of influence which women have upon one another, what is the nature of friendship among them, and how far it differs from friendship as it is understood among men. Of course on such a subject we can speak only for the most part *a priori*. If our conjectures are right, so much the better; if they are wrong, it does not greatly matter, if only some public-spirited lady will, in such a case, come forward and correct our mistakes.

Each sex, we suppose we may assume, is primarily made for the other; and we venture to think with the Apostle that the woman is, in a special sense, created for the man. Till Bloomerism, or whatever the movement is to be called, has given us female generals, judges, bishops, and Cabinet Ministers, we suppose we may take this for granted. When Byron tells us that love at most occupies only a part of a man's thoughts, while it is woman's whole existence, what he says is surely the strongest form of a truth which affects the relations of the sexes in every degree. In social life the main object is for each sex to make itself agreeable to the other, and with women social life is nearly everything, while with men it is only one thing out of many. Each sex then, with this difference, is made to please the other, and each is doing its relative duty when it tries to please the other. But, for this very reason, besides several others, each sex is under a certain restraint before the other. Each is in a manner on its best behaviour before the other, and, being on its best behaviour is in a less natural state than with those before whom it need not be on its best behaviour. Even marriage does not quite do away with this. If husband and wife do not distinctly try to please one another, they will probably end by displeasing

one another. Now men do not take the same kind of trouble to please their male friends; they rather take one another as they come, without the same conscious, though certainly pleasing, effort.

Thus, then, partly because each sex is on its best behaviour before the other, and partly from other obvious reasons, each sex is under a certain amount of restraint before the other. Neither can possibly see the other exactly as it is. And this seems, as far as a necessarily one-sided experience can guide us, to be still more the case with women than with men. There is in men's eyes a sort of mystery about the relations of women to one another which we can hardly think that there is in women's eyes about the relations of men to one another. There is a kind of partnership, a kind of corporate feeling, among the whole female sex which certainly does not exist in the male sex. Men have their various relations and intimacies with one another, but these seem always to be founded on the fact that they are men of some particular kind, engaged in some particular pursuit or the like, not simply because they are men and not women. But women do seem to be brought together in some way by the simple fact that they are women and not men. Their relations of one kind and another, their mutual friendships and mutual rivalries, seem to spring directly out of the fact of their sex in a way which those of men do not. Women never seem to lose sight of the fact that they are women and not men, while men during the greatest number of moments of their lives do not stop to think that they are men and not women. It is something like the way in which a Scotchman always bears in mind that he is not an Englishman, while an Englishman never stops to think that he is not a Scotchman. The weaker sex, like the smaller nation, is much more inclined to dwell on the thought of its relation to the other than the stronger sex and the greater nation is. The sex, in short, forms a commonwealth, and it has that special mark of a well-ordered commonwealth pointed out alike by Solon and by the Apostle, that if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it. Women feel and avenge any wrong or supposed wrong done to members of their sex as such, in a way to which men's relations to one another afford no sort of parallel. This feeling of conscious distinction from the other sex and of union among themselves, will amount in some women to a position of positive hostility, of fear and dislike of men, quite different from the dislike which some men have for women. Of course such a feeling is morbid on either side, and the female extreme seems not unlikely to pass, under favourable circumstances, into an opposite extreme; but the feelings on the two sides, though in both cases morbid, are not the same. The existence of this sort of sisterhood is plain enough; we can see with our eyes that women have a multitude of thoughts, feelings, occupations, common to them simply as women, to which men as men have hardly anything analogous. It is evident, too, that their friendships with one another are of quite a different kind from the friendships of men. They are plunged into more rapidly; they are more vehement; but we doubt whether they are so deep or so lasting. Look at all those stories in history or romance which, whether true or false as matter of fact, reflect in either case the great truths of human nature. We have multitudes of stories of women performing the most heroic and self-sacrificing actions. But these are almost all done on behalf of men to whom they are in some way or other attached—husbands, lovers, fathers, sons, princes or pontiffs to whose cause they have devoted themselves. There are very few stories of women thus sacrificing themselves for female friends. Jeanie Deans did so for her sister, though we fancy that even in the case of a sister it is exceptional. But among the same class of stories about men, a large portion turn on the devotion of mere personal friends, without any tie of kindred or of allegiance. Still, female friendship, though we doubt its having the same depth, is clearly a much more violent feeling than male friendship. It is something much more like love; something far more demonstrative, and far more distinctly personal. It actually clashes in some cases with the love of married life, which male friendship distinctly does not. It is very hard for a husband really to like the female friends of his wife, while the friends of the husband may become the friends of the wife without the slightest difficulty. Society, for very good reasons, allows women to be in many ways on far more intimate terms with one another than men can be. It allows them to be brought, so to speak, physically closer together, and to share in all sorts of intimacies which men do not share. But it is not merely that the rules of society make a difference. The rule of society is not felt by men as any sort of hardship, while we feel quite sure that women would feel the reversal of the rule to be a great hardship. In England at least no man wants to kiss his friend, to call him all manner of affectionate names, to sit with him for hours by his bedroom fire. But these are just the things which women intensely enjoy, and, we may add, just the things which men intensely dislike to see them enjoy. In fact a woman will behave to another woman exactly in the way in which no man would behave except to a wife or a mistress; and therefore when such demonstrations of affection are made openly, they produce the same unpleasant feeling as similar demonstrations on the part of married people or lovers. One wishes in all these cases that the affectionate persons would keep their affection within bounds till they are alone and can do what they please. No man likes to see two women kiss one another; he wishes they would put off the caressing till they are safe by the bedroom fire, till their dressing gown is on and their back hair down. And indeed no man wishes the existence of this last privilege to be in any way ostentatiously

paraded in his sight and hearing. Except in the case of a married man whose wife goes off to chatter with her friend or sister, it does him no harm, but still he does not like it. If a man dislikes to see two women kiss one another, it does not at all imply that he would like to take the place of one of them, and kiss the other himself. No doubt, if such be the case, the feeling is heightened; but it exists even though both women are totally indifferent to him. In no case do people like to see an ostentatious display of privileges from which they are debarred, even though they do not feel the being debarred to be any kind of loss.

What, then, is the general effect of women's intercourse with one another? We once heard a wish expressed for an Act of Parliament to hinder any woman from speaking to any other woman. This was doubtless carrying the thing much too far, but, as with most strong sayings, there is surely an element of truth at the bottom of the exaggeration. We suspect that the relations of women to one another, their demonstrative attachments, their mysterious upstairs conversations, are all grounded on the weaker parts of their characters, and are likely, so to speak, to strengthen their weaknesses, instead of communicating any better and stronger elements. Again we see the woman was created for the man; and though of course the highest form of this relation is marriage, the position is true of all relations of kindred and society between men and women. Of course we do not mean that the mother is not, in many points, the best guardian of her daughters; but we do mean that in most cases a woman will gain more improvement in every way from the society of rational men than from that of any members of her own sex. Next to husband and wife, the relation of brother and sister is the highest case of this, but the rule applies in some degree to the relations of kindred and friendship generally. Women's friendship seems to be founded, like the friendship of men, mainly on mere partnership in pleasures and amusements, much less than on real mutual admiration of character, or on co-operation in some sort of real work or other. The more a friendship between two women resembles a friendship between two men, the less it needs of outward demonstration and mysterious intercourse, the more wholesome it is likely to be, the more likely to bring out anything that is really good and strong on either side. But we cannot fancy much good coming of friendships formed in the schoolroom or on the croquet-ground. They are founded on the weakest points of the character of the two friends; they strengthen all that a sensible man would wish to check, and check all that a sensible man would wish to draw out. Friendships founded purely on amusement will foster the notion that women have nothing to do but to amuse themselves. They make it more difficult for either party to give any share of her time to serious thought or study, because each thinks that the time so given is taken away from their common amusements, that it is a wrong done to herself, perhaps a reproach to her own frivolity. As we before said, it is hard to tell what women do talk about to one another. But we cannot help guessing that it often happens that of two women, either of whom is perfectly capable of rational conversation, either of whom could, if she pleased, be the fit companion of educated and thoughtful men, will, if set to talk to one another, talk of nothing but frivolity. Of course all people want amusement, and in the nature of things no one can enjoy amusement like those to whom it really is, according to the etymology of the word, amusement, diversion, relaxation, recreation. The evil lies in making amusement the business of life, which we suspect is done by many women who are capable of much better things, simply because each keeps the other back from improvement. Of course in all this we are to a great extent guessing; but we do strongly suspect that things are often very much as we say. No doubt idle and frivolous young men, just like idle and frivolous young women, make one another more idle and frivolous; but is there anything, to any great extent, among women answering to the higher kind of friendship among men? We fear that it is not very common. At any rate we can fall back on the puzzle with which we started. If we made a hole in the curtain on our side, what should we see and hear? Certain it is that, if a man sees two or three women of his acquaintance in earnest discussion, he cannot get rid of a sort of feeling that he is perhaps being discussed in some way that he would not like. We can hardly fancy that a woman has the same feeling when she sees two or three men deep in talk. She knows that they are far more likely to be talking about the Cattle Plague, the Reform Bill, the Revised Code, or any other conceivable subject, public or private.

AN IMPERIAL PRODIGY.

SO much depends on the capacity and training of the Prince Imperial, that the French Emperor may well be anxious that his son should be, and should be thought to be, a remarkable boy. And if everything be true that one hears, the little Prince Imperial seems to be a youthful prodigy. One French journalist, who has been to see him, has come back surprised and astonished from the interview. His Imperial Highness is only ten years old, yet it is difficult to say what he has not learnt; and the way he talks of civilization, and barbarism, and factions, and the annals of empires is enough to bring tears into the eyes of any other little prince who hears of it. France ought to be very proud of him,

and the rest of Europe very envious. Youthful prodigies in general, like learned ponies and performing dogs, are not of much use to any one except their owners, and generally excite the pity quite as much as the admiration of their audiences. But the Prince Imperial appears to belong to anything but the learned pony order of prodigy. He has got a clever father, and one of the cleverest men in France, M. Monnier, for his tutor; and being precocious does not seem to have hurt him any more than being big has hurt Chang.

If the printed account of M. Adrien Marx's visit to the Tuileries is tolerably accurate, His Imperial Highness might be one of the most famous sights of the coming French Exhibition, for he stands to all other scions of Royal and Imperial families as Gladiateur stands to other race-horses. M. Marx, like the rest of France, heard of him, and thought that the time had arrived for journalism to notice his performances. Accordingly, M. Marx wrote to the Emperor, explaining his own position on the public press, and asking permission to visit the apartments of the Prince. The permission was very courteously and properly granted; for, when we come to think of it, there is no more reason why a little prince should not be trotted out intellectually, for the benefit of his future subjects, than there is against his being delineated in shop windows in every possible attitude and position of which the human profile is capable. When princes and princesses have been photographed asleep, and awake, and smiling, and thinking, and reading, and praying, and gazing on a bust, and gazing into vacancy, it is but natural that the public should like to know something of the inside as well as the outside of such interesting persons; and if curiosity about a prince's nose and hair is not vulgar, curiosity about his mental powers cannot be. Visits to Royal and Imperial prodigies cannot therefore be called inappropriate or undesirable, especially if the visitor goes and returns in as loyal and reverential a frame of mind as M. Marx. One great advantage of a system of public exhibition would be the admirable stimulus it would afford to all boys and girls who were not princes, and who ran some risk of not being prodigies. It is difficult to spirit them up to the paths of virtue and of industry by pointing to some ideal cousin, who is represented as all that can be wished by the fondest parent. They only think the ideal cousin is a sneak or a prig, and feel an irritable and almost irrepressible desire to pull his hair. But an ideal prince is quite a different business. In recording his impressions of the French phenomenon, M. Marx may rely on it he has put an unanswerable weapon into the hands of all French parents or guardians. When any little boy shows a disinclination to read about civilization and the annals of empires, the obvious answer will be—Look at the young Prince. What does the Prince Imperial say about the delights of history and geography? If some English Royal Prince could only be brought in a similar way, in the presence of an enterprising newspaper correspondent, to talk of Manguall's Questions and Dr. Kennedy's Latin Grammar with enthusiasm, and to wonder out loud whether there are any boys and girls anywhere except in the Sandwich Islands who do not enjoy Decimals and the Rule of Three, he would confer a lasting benefit upon the cause of education.

A youthful prodigy, who is to be of real service to his generation by way of model and example, ought to be complete all round, as well as lifelike, and to resemble other children in all but his precocity, and this seems to be the case with the Prince Imperial. Fond as he may be of history, he is not a bookworm, but has arms and legs like any less illustrious child. M. Marx arrived at the hour His Imperial Highness was taking a gymnastic lesson, and was obliged to wait till it was over. Thus we learn that the true prince takes care of his muscles as well as of his mind. And the remarks made by M. Marx as to the dog-ears in the Prince's books are very important, and will be read with great satisfaction by every Democrat in France. He expected to see upon the book-case dictionaries splendidly bound, and grammars with gilt edges. Nothing of the sort. The age of royal roads to learning is long past. Great was his surprise to find on the shelves, close to a pair of globes, a collection of classical works both dog-eared and worn. This touch of nature and simplicity seems to have appealed forcibly to M. Marx's imagination. Happy the dynasty, he appears to have considered, who do not use golden dictionaries. "Despite myself, I thought of the old books tied up with a leathern strap and swung over the shoulder by the scholars as they left the colleges." It is no small credit to the modesty of the Prince that his books should have actually reminded M. Marx of the books of ordinary childhood. The writing-table, too, was furnished with a common porcelain inkstand, with pens and rulers of "a very democratic appearance." A ruler of democratic appearance may be conceived, though it would not be easy to detract from a wooden ruler's simplicity without detracting from its value. But what a pen of a democratic appearance may be like is not absolutely clear. Unless all the geese at the Tuileries are swans, one goose-quill pen cannot be very different from another, and though M. Marx may have expected to find golden dictionaries on the Prince's writing-table, he can hardly have expected to find that the quill pens had all come from off a golden goose. Still, true admirers of the French Constitution will be pleased to know that the French Empire in the schoolroom is brought up to write with the same bird's feathers as the humblest proletariat, and that a prince in the nineteenth century, who is the son of a monarch who "comprehends his epoch," is not too proud to thumb his books, and possibly ink his thumbs. The sight of the Prince's stool and desk fairly finished off M. Marx. "The master's seat was intact, while

that of the pupil was slightly deteriorated. The straw bottom was ragged at the edges, and the front rungs were worn by the feet. "Thus," continues M. Marx, "the calmness of the instructor and the petulance of the pupil are equally true in all stages of the social scale." The thought is a philosophical one, and is put by M. Marx in a very moral and instructive way. It is, indeed, an indirect tribute to the great doctrines of fraternity and equality. The fidgets, like Death, know no distinction of persons. They attack alike the peasant's child and the king's. You may put a little prince in a chair, but his common humanity crops out and vindicates itself in the dilapidation of the edges of the straw bottom. If, therefore, the Prince Imperial differs from other children, it is not because of better inkstands, or golden dictionaries, or royal-looking pens, or because he is exempt from the restless instincts of his kind. Wherein, then, does the difference reside between an infant Napoleon and other infants? It is genius and knowledge that does it all, and M. Marx next proceeds to show us what genius and learning may be at the early age of ten.

His Imperial Highness is brought up chiefly upon the system of peripatetic lectures. He gets wiser and wiser every day, it seems, simply by walking about with M. Monnier, who has a wonderful power of dropping information as he goes. "In a wood, for instance, M. Monnier would explain how it is that the lungs feel more at ease in the middle of a full supply of oxygen" (a piece of information valuable everywhere, though we do not see why it should be especially communicable in a wood); and, under similar circumstances, M. Monnier would "point out different plants, giving them their Greek and Latin names." If the Prince raises his eye towards nightfall the conversation turns upon the stars; and so with respect to natural history, geology, chemistry, and mathematics. This is the reverse of the practical method of Mr. Squeers, carried into high life and made pleasant to all parties. A boy at Dotheboys Hall first spells a thing and then goes and does it, while the Prince looks at a thing first and learns about it after. It is a high proof how unlike His Imperial Highness is to the ordinary boy that such a system does not drive him mad. On the contrary, the result is that "though the Prince is only ten years old, there is not any science upon which he has not already considerable information." History is, of all branches of instruction, that which most attracts him. "All the phenomena" of natural science "also greatly interest him," and he never tires of conversing on them. Next to science comes art, and the Prince has a pronounced taste for all the arts. He "draws and paints without masters, models in clay without having taken any lessons, and repeats with a finger on the piano the airs which his ear retains." Why His Imperial Highness should go without masters if he has a turn for painting, why he should not take lessons if he has a capacity for modelling in clay, and why, if he has a taste for music, he should confine himself to practising with a single finger, M. Marx does not explain. It is enough that the Prince has a genius for all the arts. There is, however, no doubt as to the intellectual conversation which the Prince had with M. Monnier about Cadmus on the very morning of M. Marx's visit. After listening attentively to the legend of Cadmus and the dragon's teeth, His Imperial Highness proceeded to discuss it. "Cadmus," he said, "is civilization. The dragon is barbarism preventing approach to the fountain which is light. The triumph of Cadmus is that of civilization, and the springing up of soldiers, who massacre each other, is civil war, or the extirpation of factions who can never be extirpated from a State." This is pretty well at ten years old. If these things are done in the green wood, what will be done in the dry? The only mitigating circumstance about it is this, that the interpretation has too clear a Napoleonic ring to permit us to believe, with M. Marx and M. Monnier, that it originated in the schoolroom. It sounds, not of the Imperial schoolroom, but of the Imperial study. The voice is the voice of the father, though the lips may be the lips of the son. The Prince Imperial next presented M. Marx with a pen-and-ink sketch of a shepherd playing a flute in the middle of a forest, which was subsequently transferred to the pages of the *Étrenement*. After that, he conversed affably with M. Marx on the subject of a taste for the "Annals of Empires." He next showed him a bust of his tutor modelled with his own hands, a "striking likeness," though roughly executed. And after all this intellectual exertion, M. Marx took his leave. Having done due reverence to the Prince's mind, he fires a flying shot in honour of his face. "As to the features of the Prince, photography has spread everywhere his affable traits; but it cannot render his fine clear look, his interesting physiognomy, and the exquisite distinction of his whole appearance." If photography can render the affability of traits, one does not see why it should not render the clearness of looks, the interest of physiognomy, or an appearance of distinction. But allowances are doubtless to be made for the incoherence of a gentleman who has just emerged, bedazzled and surprised, from the schoolroom of an Imperial prodigy.

The upshot of M. Marx's view is that the Prince Imperial is a remarkable little boy, and is as superior to every-day princes as his father is to ordinary kings. He is in fact a youthful prodigy, of a first-rate sort. If so, one hardly knows whether to be glad or sorry that his poor little candle is blazing away at an age when other candles are only beginning to be lighted. It is possible, however, by way of consolation, to think that M. Marx's loyalty has excited him unduly about the premature intelligence of his Sovereign's son. A writer who becomes sentimental over a Prince Imperial's pen and ink, and the edges of his straw-bottomed stool, cannot be trusted to give a totally

unimpassioned account of a Prince Imperial himself. As photography fails about his face, one does not see why M. Marx should not fail about his mind. And with the exception of the affair of Cadmus, which is not altogether inexplicable, the pen-and-ink sketch and the clay model, M. Marx does not tell us quite so much as he seems to think he does. Of course he informs us that His Imperial Highness is a genius. Nor is there any reason to doubt that he receives the best possible education under the guidance of M. Monnier. One may be permitted to hope that his conversation about his taste for the annals of empires, when translated into sober prose, only comes to this, that he is fond of history; and that he plays with civilization and the extirpation of factions in as modest and limited a way as he seems to play upon the piano.

A LEGEND FOR SWEARERS.

GREAT excitement has been caused, both in strongly religious and strongly cursing and swearing circles, by the report of a very remarkable incident alleged to have taken place at Brighton last Sunday but one. Indeed, nothing so remarkable has taken place since the famous death of Earl Godwin, who, having exclaimed to King Edward, "If I contributed even indirectly to your brother's death, may the God of heaven grant that this piece of bread may choke me," put the bread into his mouth, and immediately fell back, strangled. "The vengeance of the Almighty," the report began, with an excess of dramatic power, "was visited in the most awful and sudden manner on a youth named Richards." The reader's interest is for a moment stayed until the author of the legend has given an elaborate account of the game of "cat and dog"—"a game in which a piece of wood pointed at both ends and called a cat is tipped by a short stout stick, and whilst in the air is knocked away by the stick." After some further details have been supplied of the laws and regulations of "cat and dog," we are introduced to the youth named Richards, quarrelling with his companions. "High words and bad language were freely used on both sides." "Each boy accused the other of falsehood, and at length Richards, failing to convince his companion of the truthfulness of his statement, flew into a violent rage, and emphatically shouted, 'May God strike me blind if I haven't made more than twenty.'" A paltry verbal critic would detect a slight discrepancy to begin with. The narrative first depicts Richards as contending with a multitude of "opponents," and then in the next sentence reduces them to one:—"Each accused the other"—"his companion." But, in the face of a marvellous and striking manifestation of this kind, verbal criticism is evidently out of place. We must look at such events in a large and liberal way. On such occasions the hair-splitting German rationalist is a nuisance. Richards "had scarcely uttered the adjuration before he let the 'dog' fall out of his hands, and, throwing up his arms, exclaimed 'Oh dear, I can't see.'" His companions ran up to him, and, finding that what he said was true, took him home, "when it was found that a thick film had overspread each of his eyes." The sensation caused by such an appalling and instantaneous infliction of the Divine vengeance as this may be imagined. Habitual cursers of the profane kind were struck with awe and terror. Even the cursers of the religious kind, who only call for vengeance upon their neighbours, felt a vague uneasiness. The Sabbatarians were in ecstasies. A boy had been struck blind for playing cat on the Sabbath-day, and had thus confirmed the solemn lesson of the immortal young lady who, being guilty of sewing on a Sunday, pricked her finger, and died the very same evening. A niche was prepared in Sabbatarian households for the reception of the youth Richards, close to that where the young lady has been installed these many years. And he might perhaps in time have put the young lady's nose out. The wicked rationalists of the nursery want details, and there are none about the pricked finger. But, in the new case, we know the boy's name. And, moreover, people have seen the very place where he was playing. You cannot have better evidence than that. Besides the Sabbatarians, hosts of popular and unpopular preachers were filled with a lively delight. Here was a mighty stick with which to hurl the pipe out of the mouth of that grotesque and inhuman Aunt Sally whom they set up in their pulpits every other Sunday, and label the Sceptic or the Atheist. A boy had called upon God to strike him blind, and God had forthwith struck him blind. In the hundreds of sermons which are probably being prepared to improve the occasion, one can imagine the diverse but powerful styles in which it will be handled. One preacher will begin with a florid picture of a summer morning, and will recount how from the azure sky the sun shot down his brightest rays over God's earth, and shone upon fields clad in their robe of grassy verdure or yellow with the golden waving corn; how the dewdrop trembled on the spray, and the voices of a thousand birds exulted in the gladness of the earth. It may be noticed cursorily that, as a matter of fact, on the day in question there was no sunshine at all, and there was an uncommonly cold and cutting wind, and further, that the corn is neither very golden nor very waving at present. We should have scrupulously refrained from this slight criticism if there had been any chance of its interfering with the oratorical effect. But the charm of this kind of oratory is, that utter discrepancy with fact is no drawback at all in the eyes of the people who are partial to it. Provided the language is lovely and poetic, the most appalling defects of applicability are not worth noticing. Perhaps, as the scene of the legend is laid at Brighton, the clerical

scene-painter will not bring his golden corn and grassy verdure into the foreground, but will talk instead of the blue ripples of the wave, or the booming thunders of the abysmal deep. He will ask whether the man who has lived all his life within sight and sound of the eternal ocean, "on whose brow time writes no wrinkle," without believing that it had a Creator, will persist in his wickedness in the face of the youth Richards and his frightful fate. Of course there is nobody at Brighton who has any disbelief of the kind, but it is a customary thing to assume that the world is entirely made up of such dreadful people. The more reasonable kind of preacher will argue, and, if the circumstances were other than they are, might argue with fair plausibility, that such an extraordinary event cannot be a mere coincidence, and that it is easier to believe in the special and miraculous interference of Providence in mortal affairs than that a child should have actually been struck at the moment, by mere chance and accident, with the curse which he had blasphemously called down upon himself. A philosopher would probably in no case have been shaken from his conviction that the Creator of the universe works by general laws, which are not to be suspended because a little boy uses bad language. He would have begun by investigating the testimony on which the story had been received, and, if the story had proved true, would still have found consolation in reflecting how many thousands of persons every day call the divine vengeance upon themselves without being immediately taken at their word. If all the people who invoke mischief upon their eyes, in less solemn phrase than that of the supposed boy Richards, were to get what they ask, the blind asylums would have to be considerably enlarged. But though the philosopher would not have allowed both the teaching of common sense and a high conception of the nature of the working of Providence to be overthrown by a single coincidence, a good many people would have been shaken and made exceedingly uncomfortable.

Fortunately, however, the human testimony to the miracle breaks down. The youth Richards who was dramatically introduced to us in connection with "the vengeance of the Almighty" does not exist. The game of cat unhappily does exist, and is very likely to be made the instrument of people being struck blind, simply, however, on the most natural and intelligible principles. But nobody who played at cat at Brighton on the Sunday in question is known to have been struck blind, or to have seen anybody else struck blind, either by a cat or by the divine vengeance. Indeed, there is no evidence that the sun shone upon any cat-playing at all in Brighton that Sunday morning, or that the dog was uplifted within earshot of the booming of the abysmal deep. The miraculous legend is simply a lie, but, like all miraculous legends and a good many lies, is not without a little germ of truth. There is no Richards, no "cat and dog," no quarrel with companions, no imprecation to God, no being struck blind. But there is a boy who went out from Brighton with his comrades on the Sunday, on a bird-nesting expedition. They walked about all day, when the boy Jeffery—the imaginary "youth Richards" of the legend—complained that he could not see, and apparently he could not. His friends took him to an inn, where he stayed till he was put in the train for Brighton, quite blind. Of course, the Sabbatarian breaks in; he was struck blind, not for cursing, but for bird-nesting and travelling by rail on the Sabbath-day. Possibly; only his punishment was scarcely worth inflicting, because by the time he got to Brighton he could see as clearly and distinctly as anybody else. He can see now perfectly. The legend emerged fatherless out of chaos, and first appeared in the *Brighton Gazette*. The *Brighton Times* copies it. The *Brighton Observer*, with sweet fidelity, copies it. The London papers, with amiable credulity, copy it from the *Brighton Observer*. Preachers and moralists are copying it out of the London papers into their sermons and their note-books. And it is a simple fable all the time. He that is filthy, let him be filthy still, and people who use bad language, let them use bad language still. Swearers are rehabilitated—unless, indeed, "the youth Richards," though acquitted, and even dissolved into space, is warned that, if he is innocent this time, he must be careful not to do it again.

We are not sure that the public exposure of this legend will not be deplored by many people as rather a mistake. If the story was not true, at least it was *ben trovato*. It would have made an unspeakably useful bugbear for domestic and religious purposes, and in a sceptical age we cannot afford to lose a handy bugbear of this sort. How many little boys might have been deterred from bad language and Sabbath-breaking and even playing at cat, by the fate of the youth Richards! How many grown-up men might have been converted to righteousness, and a belief that the world is really under moral government, by this incident of swift vengeance! It is more than doubtful, by the way, whether men's sense of justice would not have been revolted, rather than their good opinion of the government of the universe conciliated, by the fearful punishment of one little boy who had never been taught any better, while so many people in purple and fine linen are allowed to go on cursing with impunity. Apart from this, the people who use bugbears with which to terrify their neighbours into being good have such an abundant supply already that they ought not to grudge the sacrifice of this little one to the cause of plain truth and fact. As Mr. Carlyle says of a larger myth, "The thing a Lie wants, and solicits from all men, is not a correct natural history of it, but the swiftest possible extinction of it, followed by entire silence concerning it."

THE BOROUGH AND THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

"AN Act of Parliament is, in my judgment, no light thing," said the Duke of Ormond, when a courtier of James the Second ventured to ask what it was to the purpose that an Act of Parliament forbade the King's schemes with regard to nominations at the Charter-House. It is unpleasant to find Liberal Privy Councillors needing the same rebuke which the flatterer of James received, not from any Roundhead or Puritan, but from the patriarch of the Cavalier party. It is passing strange that, almost directly after a certain Bill, introduced by Government, has become the law of the land, an Order in Council should appear which, in an important point, flies directly in the face of the law. We refer to a passage in the Order in Council on the Cattle Plague of March 24th, in which the authority of Parliament is directly set at naught in a way which has already caused some practical evils and will doubtless cause more before it has done.

Every one who has had anything to do with the administration of the law, and indeed every one who has at all watched the course of legislation in this matter, must have been amazed and puzzled at the way in which jurisdiction has been shifted about from hand to hand. Vast powers have been at every stage entrusted to the "local authority," but, at almost every stage, the local authority has undergone some change or other in its definition. At first it seemed as if we had gone back to the primitive elements of the English commonwealth. Learned men tell us that, before there were Kingdoms or even Shires, there were certain smaller communities under local chiefs, the aggregation of which produced first Shires, and then Kingdoms. This state of things seemed to be renewed when every Petty Sessional Division and every Municipal Borough became, as far as cattle-plague matters were concerned, an independent State. The Mayor in the one case, the Justices in Petty Sessions in the other, were suddenly raised from the rank of ministers of the law to the rank of lawgivers, and twenty or thirty codes of cattle-plague law existed in the same county. One bench rigidly shut out wellnigh all four-footed creatures from its dominions; another was as stern as its neighbour as to bulls and cows, but looked with a tender eye on the pigs, and ruled, like the Conqueror with the hares, that they should go free. In either case the boundaries of the local division were like the boundaries of a foreign land; the next division, the borough surrounded by the division, was grotesquely, but with perfect accuracy, described as "another part of Great Britain." Then came a change; the Petty Sessional Divisions lost their independence; their local authorities were mediatised, merged, swamped—as a Buddhist might say, promoted to Nirvana. That is to say, the Court of Quarter Sessions became the local authority for the whole county. But the Boroughs still retained their independence. The County was one part of Great Britain, and the County town in the middle of it was another part of Great Britain; the Quarter Sessions of the shire and the Mayor of the Borough negotiated on equal terms as independent powers. Thus much for legislation by Orders in Council. Then came that which the Duke of Ormond thought no light thing—an Act of Parliament. The nature of the local authority was again changed. The Quarter Sessions remained the local authority for the county, with power to delegate most of its powers to local committees not necessarily consisting wholly of magistrates. This power has been largely exercised, and it gives to the administration of the county in cattle-plague matters a sort of Federal aspect. But the position of the boroughs was completely changed. A great number were mediatised, and those which retained their independence changed their constitutions. The definition of the word "borough" for the purposes of the Act took in those boroughs only which both had corporations under the Municipal Reform Act and were not assessed to the county rate. In such boroughs the local authority was to be no longer the Mayor alone, but the Mayor and Town Council. Other boroughs, not coming under this definition—that is, all boroughs which are assessed to the county rate—came under the jurisdiction of the county. The result was the manifest gain of getting rid of many petty and conflicting jurisdictions, and of bringing many small boroughs, from their new estate of distinct "parts of Great Britain," into their more natural position of integral parts of the county. And, in one county at least, probably in more, the fall of the mediatised Mayors was broken, and their wounded feelings were comforted, by their being placed *ex officio* on the local committees of the Petty Sessional Divisions in which the boroughs lay.

Here, when the law itself had spoken, we might have looked for the matter to rest. But no, contrary to all one's constitutional theories, it seems that there is a power beyond the law, by which the law may be at once set aside. James the Second himself claimed only a dispensing power, though he certainly exercised that power on a scale which made it look very like a power to abrogate statutes altogether as well as to dispense with their observance in particular cases. But the Lords of the Council legislate without any such decent fictions. Parliament prescribes one thing, and they presently, of their own authority, prescribe something quite different. Parliament has at last settled, as plainly as words can make it, what the local authority shall be. Presently, however, comes an Order in Council to say that the local authority shall not be what Parliament ordains, but something else. For the purposes of the Act, "borough" is to mean one thing; for the purposes of the Order, "borough" is to mean another thing. The Order, in its definition, omits the words of the Act, "which is not assessed to the county

rate of any county by the Justices of such county." That is to say, a large number of boroughs which have been mediatized by the Act spring up again into independent existence. By the Act, the local authority within such a borough is the Court of Quarter Sessions for the county, or those to whom that Court may delegate its powers. By the Order, the local authority within such a borough is the Mayor and Town Council of the borough itself. While the Act makes the borough essentially and unalterably a part of the county, the Order only gives to the borough a power of joining itself to the county if it thinks good. Here is a plain contradiction, if ever there was such a thing as a contradiction. An inferior authority, whose powers are wholly derived from the supreme authority, takes upon itself to set aside the decrees of the supreme authority itself. For it is in vain to say that the one definition is for the purposes of the Act and that the other definition is for the purposes of the Order. The Act and the Order do undoubtedly deal to some extent with different matters, and where the Act does not prescribe anything, or where what it prescribes is only temporary, the Order clearly has full powers to legislate. It would be possible then to argue that the Act created one local authority for one purpose, and that the Order created another local authority for another purpose. Doubtless nothing could be more inconvenient than such a state of things. It would be ridiculous that, in a given borough, the Quarter Sessions or the Committee appointed by it should be the local authority for some purposes connected with the cattle plague, while the Mayor and Town Council of the Borough should be the local authority for certain other purposes connected with the cattle plague. Yet such a state of things, however ludicrous and inconvenient, is still technically possible. But this defence will not hold. There are points on which the Order and the personal portions of the Act cover exactly the same ground, and on which the Order distinctly contradicts the Act. Part I. Clause 8 of the Order deals with the same subject as Clause 9 of the Act. Each ordains that Inspectors are to be appointed by the local authority. But, within the class of boroughs of which we speak, the Act defines the local authority to be one thing, and the Order defines it to be another. The Order confirms all former appointments of Inspectors within the districts as defined by the Order, apparently revoking appointments made by Quarter Sessions in conformity with the Act within the class of boroughs of which we are speaking. By the Act, any person obstructing or impeding such a county Inspector acting within such a borough is liable to a fine. By the Order, the county Inspector is altogether ousted.

Now the case has actually occurred. Some boroughs at once saw the difficulty. They saw that the Order gave them again the independence which the Act had taken from them. They applied to the Privy Council to know how to act. Perhaps it was not wonderful that they were tempted to ask the question; perhaps it was not wonderful that the proper officer of the Privy Council wrote back that the Mayor and Town Council, as prescribed by the Order, and not the Quarter Sessions, as prescribed by the law, formed the local authority for the borough. Some of these boroughs, though not inclined to surrender their theoretical independence, have had the sense to make a good practical use of it by at once using the power given by the Order of once more merging themselves in the county. But other boroughs have not been so wise. Some boroughs cleave to independence on any terms, even at the risk of becoming centres of cattle plague. Some boroughs, under cover of the Order, positively refuse to obey the Act—that is, in plain words, to obey the law. With cattle plague or suspected cattle plague within their limits, they refuse access to the officers appointed under the Act of Parliament. How are such boroughs to be brought to reason? The matter is perplexing, at any rate to the un instructed intellects of rural Justices, who wish to obey the law, but may not always understand its subtleties. Possibly there may be some way of reconciling the two pieces of legislation, even at the cost of setting up two local authorities side by side, each with the power of appointing Inspectors to do the same duties. If this is the law, one would like to know it; but even rural magistrates can hardly be asked to acquiesce in an interpretation of the law which comes from the Privy Council itself. Even at Petty Sessions, the man on whose land a hare is killed declines to lay down the law or to judge of the fact as to the killing of that particular hare. So when the Privy Council is charged with putting forth an Order which is, in plain words, illegal, the interpretation of the law by the Privy Council, which is all that we have as yet, cannot be looked on by plain men as final. If the Judges tell us that the law is so, we submit humbly; if Parliament chooses to alter the law, we submit still more humbly. But we cannot accept an interpretation of the law from an interested party. Some subtlety may lurk behind, but to the untutored intellects of those who have to deal with the matter, the Order and the Act seem to be contradictory, and the Order therefore, to speak plainly, seems so far to be illegal. Very likely their Lordships may know better, and may have good reasons for what they have done; but *prima facie* there is a case against them, and it would be as well that the decision in their favour should come from some one less interested in the matter than their Lordships themselves.

OUR COAL

AT the opening of the Congress of 1862, when the enormous accumulation of debt was beginning to startle the people of the Northern States, Mr. Lincoln's Message included certain calculations intended to allay their anxiety. Assuming that population continued to increase with the same rapidity as it had hitherto done, he said that in 1870 the United States would support over 42,000,000 inhabitants, in 1900 over 100,000,000, and in 1930, 251,680,514; and at the last of these dates America would be scarcely more densely populated than Europe is at the present time. The inference was that the burden of any expenses that might be incurred would be ultimately divided among so many people as to be trifling. Whether well or ill founded, some such expectation seems to be constantly present to the mind of every American. The vision of innumerable swarms of Yankees, increasing and multiplying in geometrical progression over vast spaces and throughout indefinite ages, seems to have intoxicated the national imagination. And, indeed, when you once let a geometrical progression get its head, there is no knowing where its career will stop. Mr. Darwin showed that, although elephants were the most slowly breeding animals known, a pair of elephants would cover the whole world with their posterity, if allowed to multiply unrestrainedly, in a few centuries. Some one proved the other day that, if the density of the metropolitan population continued to increase with its present rapidity, we should have to stand two deep sixty years hence. A still less agreeable calculation is that to which Mr. Mill called the attention of the House of Commons not long ago. In England, although we are not so profoundly absorbed as our cousins in the contemplation of a limitless expansion of national grandeur, we have been in the habit of talking pretty freely about our astonishing increase of wealth. Annual speeches from Chancellors of the Exchequer congratulate us upon the development of our resources; reviews and newspapers take up the wondrous tale in every variety of tone, and foresee no obstacles to our continuous progress. Lord Macaulay was the most enthusiastic prophet of a future epoch of material development which should be to the nineteenth century what the nineteenth century is to the seventeenth—an epoch when, as he says, labouring-men may be as little used to dine without meat as they now are to eat rye-bread, and sanitary police and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life. It is, however, obvious that the population which is to enjoy these blessings must be a limited one; if the comfort of individuals is to increase simultaneously with their numbers, the strain upon our resources must increase in a compound ratio. If Mr. Lincoln had carried on his calculations for another century or two, he would have discovered that the whole world would be scarcely sufficient to contain the American population; and the check which the limits even of a continent must oppose to the expansion of that race must be encountered far more rapidly in our own territory. And, unluckily, geometrical progression can be applied to other problems besides the increase of mankind. Our consumption of coal increases more rapidly than our population, and the amount existing in our mines is strictly limited, and may be approximately calculated.

Stated shortly, the results which appear to be unimpeachable are as follows:—We have in these islands about eighty thousand millions of tons, at depths of less than 4,000 feet. We consumed in 1860 about eighty millions of tons. Consequently we might go on comfortably at something like the present rate for 1,000 years—a period which is sufficiently long to satisfy the most resolute disbelievers in Dr. Cumming. If, as he supposes, the millennium were to begin in a year or two, our coals would just carry us comfortably to the end of it, after which we might perhaps dispense with coal. Unluckily, our consumption increases at the rate of three per cent. annually, and, if that rate is maintained, we shall finish our available coal in ninety years. Building-leases now being made will not expire, on this supposition, until England has become a coalless country. A child born this year may be an Irish judge when our coals have all run out. The results are too obvious to need much illustration. The one essential condition of the commercial and manufacturing prosperity of England is the possession of plentiful supplies of cheap coal. If they sensibly diminish, the immense exports whose increase produces our annual flourish of trumpets must be gradually extinguished. As the price of coal rises, we shall yearly compete at an increased disadvantage with other countries. America, which possesses at least fifty times our quantity of coal, must in all probability succeed to the manufacturing lead of the world, until, at least, her own stores are exhausted at some still more distant period; for, as coal takes longer to deposit than to burn, it is evident that the human race in general is living upon its capital, and must some day or other find itself very badly off for fuel. It is possible, although science gives at present no indication of such a result, that some substitute for coal may be discovered before that very remote epoch; but the probability of any such event happening before our own little stores are run out is, of course, much less; and even if a substitute were discovered, the chances must be against our possessing the same advantage in England which we possess in the case of coal. Hence, if our industry continues to develop its demands upon our mines at the present rate, we must anticipate the exhaustion of our resources within a limited time. We must expect to descend gradually in our rank amongst the peoples; to become, as Americans would put it, a one-horse nation, and to see a quiet agricultural existence taking the place of the present life and stir in our manufacturing

districts. The surplus population would doubtless drain off to the colonies or to America, as employment became less obtainable here; and the remainder would have to fall back upon a more modest mode of life. England would be worth inhabiting still, but she would have to resign herself to be passed in the race for wealth and power.

The first consideration which occurs to most people, on hearing such speculations, is probably that which Mr. Mill very eloquently repudiated; we feel a strong inclination to let posterity shift for itself. We have troubles enough of our own, without perplexing ourselves about the days when coal will *bonâ fide* be carried to Newcastle. We are quite capable of restraining within reasonable bounds the affection which we feel for our great-grandchildren who have not yet come into existence. That affection is at least not an overpowering and ever-present passion, and can scarcely extort, as was suggested, three millions a year out of our taxes. We think that we have done very fairly if we transmit to our descendants, without increase, the burdens which we inherit from our ancestors. When looking at the world from the distance of a century, we are able, without effort, to take a somewhat cosmopolitan view of the matter. We can watch the various shiftings of wealth and population with something of the serene indifference of a superior order of beings. Mankind is just now congregating in these islands as ants congregate upon a lump of sugar; and when the attracting material is all consumed, they will naturally move elsewhere. Philosophically speaking, fluctuations in the commercial fortunes of countries are inevitable; and at the interval of a century the distinction between Englishman and foreigner ceases to have the same interest for us that it has on a nearer view. Seen at a sufficient distance, our brothers or children are indistinguishable from strangers; and we begin to reflect that it may be as well for other countries to have a turn of commercial supremacy when it makes no difference to us personally. And then, after all, we reflect that it would be possible to live in very reasonable comfort without coal. Perhaps our descendants will be wiser than ourselves, and will discover that an enormous accumulation of wealth is not essential to happiness. They may be content to remain in a comparatively stationary state, so far as material progress is concerned; and may be all the better for getting the fever of prosperity out of their veins. It will be just as well for mankind if they learn some day to give a more intellectual turn to their dreams of the future, and to believe that there are other objects worthy of ambition besides the indefinite multiplication of railways and iron-foundries. A considerable population was supported very comfortably on these islands when our consumption of coal was a mere trifle, and might, therefore, be supported again. As, indeed, a large part of our subsistence has now to be imported, it is clear that we could not maintain our present numbers if those imports were destroyed; but with our increased scientific knowledge we might hope to get on better than we did a generation or two back before the late extraordinary development of our wealth.

Whilst, however, we are endeavouring to look with complacency upon the comparative poverty of our descendants, we encounter the unpleasant suggestion noticed by Mr. Mill. Is it fair to leave our property mortgaged to the extent of eight hundred millions, whilst we are consuming our capital with this reckless rapidity? Should we not make some provision for diminishing the burdens which our descendants are to bear with diminished means? It is all very well to tell them that poor men may be happy, but poor men up to their eyes in debt are in a different case. Should we not be setting our house in order before the commercial crisis comes? The answer to this question does not seem to be very easy. It may usually be objected to a sinking fund, that the money will be better applied if left in the pockets of the people. But in this case it is clear that, if the debt is to be reduced, it must be reduced before our prosperity begins to decline. We might now raise two or three millions of surplus taxation with comparative ease; but there will be little chance of raising it when, with our best efforts, manufactures and commerce are beginning to fall off. If we leave the money in the hands of the taxable population, in the hope that it may be saved, it is evident that it will be very difficult to take back any part of it when it is most wanted. If our descendants are to be relieved from the payment of an interest disproportionate to their resources, we must set the example of saving whilst we are still growing rich. There is, however, a certain haziness about all these calculations which makes the obligation somewhat indistinct. Thus a very slight difference in the rate at which our consumption of coal increases will make a very large difference in the time for which our supplies will last. The period of ninety years is fixed on the supposition of the consumption increasing in geometrical progression. But it is surely impossible to say that this will be maintained; the sudden burst of prosperity may be succeeded by a period of more gradual improvement, and the limit of ninety years be extended indefinitely towards the longer calculation of a thousand. And it is still harder to calculate the ability of our descendants to pay taxes. Possibly, before that time, European countries may be giving up the competition in armaments; we may no longer be building iron-clads and constructing new artillery against each other. As we fall off in wealth, we may find it possible to reduce our establishments generally; the increase of expenditure observable of late years may be merely incidental to our prosperity, and we may become economical as we become poor. In that case, our

grandchildren may be better able to pay the twenty-five millions of interest ninety years hence than our fathers were fifty years ago. In short, the data of the problem are not yet stated distinctly enough to enable us to reach a very clear conclusion. It may be desirable on many grounds that the National Debt should be diminished, and it is important to attend to anything which may throw light upon the future of our coal supplies; but it seems unprofitable to make at present any very definite scheme upon a matter involving so many elements of uncertainty.

THE RESULTS OF LIVING IN CITIES.

MOST people have a notion, derived perhaps from their recollections of Cowper's poems, that the country is more wholesome than the town. Very often this is set down to a superiority of moral rather than of physical conditions. A country life is supposed to be less exciting, and as people who have very little amusement usually try to make the best of the dullness which there is no help for by identifying vegetation with health, while people who have a good deal of it like to speak of themselves as martyrs in the cause of duty, this single distinction is frequently accepted as accounting for the difference in question. There is pretty good reason, however, for believing that amusement has, on the whole, rather a medicinal effect than not; and consequently the fact that people yawn rather more in the country than they do in London does not in itself furnish any evidence that their health will be any better there. Considering that in the year 1861 the population of our large towns was close upon eleven millions, while the population throughout the rest of England was only just over nine millions, it would be very satisfactory if we could persuade ourselves that the sanitary superiority commonly attributed to the country is simply a matter of sentimental preference. Unfortunately, however, the statistics of the case are too plain-spoken to allow us to entertain any such conviction. The most ingenious reasoning cannot dispose of a table of comparative mortality. If people die twice as fast in Manchester or Liverpool as they do in Westmoreland or Berkshire, we fear it is useless to dispute that a town life is in some way inimical to health. Dr. J. E. Morgan, a leading Manchester physician, has lately brought out certain facts of this kind with a very ugly plainness. He shows, first of all, that the ordinary method of comparing the number of deaths in town and country respectively is vitiated by a very serious fallacy. Strictly speaking, the population of our great cities is only in part a town population. In London, out of a total of 2,873,989, at the taking of the last Census, no less than 1,160,813 persons were born elsewhere. In Manchester, the comparative numbers of natives and immigrants at the same date were 460,428 and 161,254; in Liverpool, 443,938 and 196,949; in Birmingham, 202,521 and 65,962. It further appears that "the great majority of the incomers are men and women in the prime of life." This is inferred from a comparison of the numbers of the two classes above and under 20 years of age. In London, of the latter class 74 per cent. were natives, while of the former only 46 per cent. were so. In Manchester, the proportion of natives was 84 per cent. in the inhabitants above 20, and 50 per cent. in those below that age; while in Liverpool the comparative figures were 79 and 37 per cent., and in Birmingham 89 and 50 per cent. The next question is where do all these adults come from, and this also we can ascertain by the help of the Census. Dr. Morgan divides the counties of England and Wales into thirteen in which the population is engaged in industrial pursuits connected with manufactures or mines; and twenty-seven purely agricultural, in which "for the most part labour is prosecuted under an open sky." Now, of the 864,559 adult settlers in London, 587,143 came from the agricultural counties, and only 101,486 from the industrial. Of the other three towns Birmingham comes nearest to London in the composition of its immigrant class, the recruits from the agricultural counties amounting to 29,893, and those from the industrial counties to 16,875. In both Manchester and Liverpool, on the other hand, the proportion is reversed. In the former, the industrial immigrants amounted to 52,697, and the agricultural only to 16,425; in the latter, the industrial counties sent 29,260 persons, and the agricultural only 11,359, the balance in this case being made up by a large immigration from Ireland and Scotland. Thus, taking the proportion of the agricultural element as a standard, the four cities stand in the following order—London, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool; and it is instructive to compare with this the average death-rate for the two years 1860 and 1861. In London it was 22 per thousand, in Birmingham 23, in Manchester 29, in Liverpool 30; the mortality being least where the settlers from agricultural counties are strongest, and greatest where they are weakest.

It will now be seen why the ordinary estimates of the comparative deaths in town and country are fallacious. They leave out of sight the fact that a large part of the inhabitants of the town come from the country, bringing with them their superior average health and their better chances of life, and consequently the result must always be unduly in favour of the places "to which the latter have removed," as compared with "the places they have deserted." To correct this error, Dr. Morgan distinguishes between the death-rate for persons under 15, the great majority of whom are natives, and the death-rate for the population generally. In the agricultural districts the difference between the two is very small, the average for the years 1860 and 1861 giving 19 per 1,000, and not

quite 22 per 1,000 under 15. Turning now to the four selected towns we find a very startling contrast. The deaths per 1,000 were 26—not very much beyond the country rate—but the deaths per 1,000 under 15 years of age were over 40, or almost double those in the agricultural counties. The result of this is, that in London 15,000 persons under 15 die every year, from causes which are preventable in the strictest sense of the word. But the number of deaths is not the only test with which statistics furnish us. The number of marriages in towns, especially in Manchester and Liverpool, is very much greater in proportion to the population than it is in the country. In Manchester, the marriage rate for 1860-1861 was 18 per 1,000, and in the four towns taken together it was over 13 per 1,000. In many counties, on the other hand, the marriages were only 5 and 6 per 1,000, and in all the agricultural counties taken together it was only 7 per 1,000. We should naturally expect that the number of births would be in proportion to the number of marriages, and be large in the towns and small in the country; but so far is this from being the case, that the births in the four towns were only 35 per 1,000, with a marriage rate of 13; while in the agricultural counties with a marriage rate of only 7, the births amounted to 31 per 1,000. Or, to take two extreme instances, Manchester, which had 18 marriages per 1,000, had only 37 births, while Herts, with only 5 marriages per 1,000, had 30 births. "In other words, while the marriages in the city were nearly fourfold more than in the agricultural county, the births there only exceeded the latter by one-fourth. In Manchester there were but two children to every married couple; in Hertford, five."

Hitherto we have been dealing only with the effect of town life on the actual number of the living inhabitants. The effect on their condition whilst alive is just as striking as the frequency of the deaths or the fewness of the births among them. The records of Dr. Morgan's own practice in Manchester enable him to give very pertinent testimony on this point. In his intercourse with the poor around him, he has been struck with "the singular want of stamina which characterizes them as a class." They very rarely attain the average standard of muscular development; they are not seldom deformed; the state of the pulse indicates a want of power in the heart; the blood is impoverished, the teeth affected by premature decay, and the hair scanty. And so widely diffused are these symptoms of ill-health, that "in some of the manufacturing districts, four out of every five men sent up by the recruiting sergeants for military inspection are rejected on the ground of physical disqualification."

And now, what are the causes of this state of things? Dr. Morgan assigns three; but two of these, excessive indulgence in drink and the effects of contagious diseases arising from sexual vice, we will put aside, as being only remotely affected by any improvements in the physical conditions of a town. The malevolent influence of the third cause, bad air, is established by a very complete logical induction. We have, first, the presence of the agent, proved by actual observation. In London, indeed, we have but little information on this head, because the meteorological data published in the weekly returns of the Registrar-General are obtained from Greenwich Observatory, where the air is usually as pure as in any part of the country. But at Manchester observations are taken at the Royal Infirmary, in the centre of the town, and also at several outlying stations; and there is found to be, at times, a difference of nearly ten degrees in the temperature of the city and that of the suburbs. The range of temperature recorded at the former point is very much narrower than it is at any of the latter. In the winter the thermometer at the Infirmary is always higher than elsewhere, in the summer it is always lower. The meaning of this, is, that the dense mass of smoke and noxious gases which hangs over the centre of Manchester interferes alike with the penetration of the sun's rays and the radiation of the earth's heat. Between the town and the clear air above there is interposed a canopy of atmospheric impurity, which is reproduced to a greater or less extent in every large city. The chemical composition of the air differs also in the two districts. "The most experienced meteorologists have failed to detect ozone in the centre of Manchester," while "in the immediate neighbourhood, on the very confines of the city, it has been obtained in considerable quantities." Again, the acidity of the town air is very much greater, owing to the presence of sulphur in the smoke, and the amount of organic impurity may be tested almost by the naked eye. Next, we have the contemporaneous presence of a far larger death-rate where the air is thus corrupted than in other places. And then, to complete the inductive process, we find that in the agricultural counties, where overcrowding indoors is as prevalent, where the wages are much lower, and consequently the food much poorer—where, in short, every other source of disease is to be found in an equal or greater degree—the one point of superiority, the purity of the air, together with abundant opportunities for breathing it, is sufficient to create the vast sanitary differences that we have seen established by statistics.

The first step towards remedying these mischiefs must be the institution of more extensive and searching investigations into the atmospheric conditions of our great towns than has as yet been generally attempted. Dr. Morgan mentions an instance of the benefit derived from these inquiries even on a very limited scale. The disease returns for a single London district were collected and compared with those obtained by the Manchester Sanitary Association, and it was found that in Marylebone diarrhoea is invariably more general, and in Manchester

bronchitis—a fact which points clearly enough to impure water and impure air as prominent sources of disease in London and Manchester respectively. All well-advised city improvements—better houses, wider streets, more open spaces, more thorough drainage—will of course do something towards giving the unfortunate dwellers in towns a better chance of life and health, but it seems as though every one of these may be effected without any very satisfactory result, as long as we leave the smoke nuisance practically untouched. If every chimney were compelled to consume its own smoke, there is every reason to believe that London and Manchester would be little more unhealthy than the country round. This, more than any other feature in the subject, is a question which touches us all. Every man whose occupations take him into the centre of a town is as much exposed while there to the noxious influence of a polluted atmosphere as the poorest artisan. And, as a matter of course, the mischief extends in a less degree to the suburbs also. It might be well if the insurance offices would consult their own interest a little more, and refuse to allow a policy-holder to live in London or Manchester, except at an increased rate of premium. Perhaps that would awaken the inhabitants of those cities to the fact, to which they at present so obstinately shut their eyes, that they are simply throwing away their chances alike of prolonged life and of robust health by their extraordinary supineness in dealing with an evil which one well-drawn Act of Parliament might put an end to for ever.

BUTCHERS' BILLS ABROAD.

JOHN BULL on a tour in quest of beef, a hanger-on of Continental markets, is a spectacle full of solemn warning. What has become of the jovial vaunts of the last race of Englishmen, building our developed superiority, man for man, over our neighbours on the superior "raw" material out of which our fibre was composed? How many of us, as boys, have sketched the contrast of "mounseer making soup of a frog," with John Bull attacking, knife in hand, a sirlon? That dream of national vanity is now dispelled. On the whole, we incline to believe that, excluding the lower classes from the comparison, the average Frenchman eats more beef and mutton than the average Englishman; and that, of the lower classes, the agricultural labourer and peasant proprietor are about on a par in the consumption of animal food. The important section of our population who live by the aid of machinery or some sort of labour in towns are far more numerous here than in France, and probably consume meat in a larger proportion than their counterparts in France do. The increase, however, in the consumption of butchers' meat in France on the whole deserves consideration. It is no doubt a result of the general increase, which the present generation of Frenchmen has witnessed, in all material advantages. It chimes in, however, with the instincts of the existing French Government. For material progress at home, coupled with the prestige of force abroad, Frenchmen have in general learned to sacrifice freedom of thought and the assertion of spiritual and philosophic principles. They eat more heavily, and they think less, and perhaps even talk less. They are less disposed to take trouble and to make sacrifices. Self-devotion, enthusiasm, and efforts after the ideal have passed away with the last vestige of liberty. The present ruler, like his great prototype, loves

Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.

The "lean and hungry look" which marked Cassius as "dangerous" is odious in his eyes too. Thus he cannot but regard the carnivorous tendency of his subjects with complacency. His favour to free trade and commercial progress generally is a part of the same policy. And, side by side with this, we have reason to think that commercial communities show most largely the increased tendency to consume flesh. We cannot, however, accept the reasoning lately adduced, in a paragraph in the *Times* headed "the Paris Markets;" for it happens that the figures, when cast up, refute the conclusion sought to be established by them. Thus we read that "the consumption of animal food has increased in a greater proportion in Marseilles, within the last fifty years, than in any other town in France. In 1815 it amounted to—

	Oxen.	Calves.	Sheep.	Lambs.	Pigs.
In 1836 to . .	4,557	593	105,485	20,930	3,011
In 1852 to . .	7,010	1,601	116,872	24,862	3,743
In 1865 to . .	12,134	3,674	155,707	41,386	6,474
In 1885 to . .	29,607	13,737	223,739	47,074	14,855

The same authority proceeds—"The population has not increased in a similar proportion. In 1815 it amounted to 100,000, in 1836 to 150,000, in 1852 to 200,000 and in 1865 to 300,000." That is to say, the population has just trebled itself. Now, will any one of our readers take the trouble just to add up the total of the head of cattle of all sorts consumed, according to the above figures, by the 100,000 head of population in 1815, and compare it with the similar total for 1865? He will find that the latter total is considerably, that is by about 70,000 head of cattle, less than treble the former. All that the items call for in the way of remark is, that there has been a largely increased consumption of oxen and pigs, whilst the increase in the other kinds has fallen proportionately short. The former has been in excess of the increase of population, and the latter in defect of it. We can only suppose that our ready-reckoner glanced at these first and last items only, and let his eye slide over all the intervening figures. Hence our readers will deduce the wholesome lesson, "when you want to get at arithmetical results, do your own simple addition." We base our conclusion on the safer foundation, that a very

much larger amount of meat is produced in France than in proportion to the small increase in the population which has taken place since the first decade of the present century; and as the commercial activity and profits of Frenchmen have of late years increased enormously, and therefore their means of affording themselves creature-comforts, the increase in their consumption of meat is a probable inference. Nor is there any such increase in the quantity which they export as would upset this conclusion.

The draught which the British meat-market, however, has made on Continental supplies during the last six months, and its plausible but superficial connection with the existence of the cattle plague, has tended to disturb, in France as well as in England, the connection which should subsist between the cost of production and the price asked for produce. And when we scrutinize more closely the disturbing agency, we find it, in France as in England, the work of the butchers. They have been performing in the Paris markets nearly the same manœuvres of extortion with which we have become so familiar in London. The fixedness of cupidity in human nature, the love of cent per cent, the similarity of the opportunity, and the tendency to sympathetic action in highly civilized communities, will of course account for this. Prices tend to rise in all great cities, and no city has furnished a more striking example of this than Paris. Why butchers' prices should in particular have attained such a malignant inflation was a question probably oftener asked than answered. Time was, not so very long ago, when the attempt was made to fix butchers' prices in Paris, and indeed those of bakers too, by State authority. The notion was probably popular while it lasted; and the fact of such an experiment having been made argued the prevalence of that neophytic stage in political economy during which populations are content to put their trust in princes for keeping their dinner within their reach. Thus the Parisian, having comparatively but recently emerged from this state of pupillage in economics, is prepared to put up with much. He thinks, probably, that prices and markets are like winds and waves, and, having no longer the breakwater of Government to shield him, is not surprised at his calculations being swamped or upset. Consequently, he might naturally be expected to answer all such questions with the shrug which seems to express how much better it is to put up with a nuisance than to waste time in the labyrinth of baffled effort and eluded inquiry which awaits the man who starts in quest of a remedy.

The suspicions of Frenchmen that they were being bitten by butchers must have been aroused at length (if not before) by John Bull's appearance, bidding for beef against them. If it could be worth his while to cross the Channel in the pursuit of oxen and sheep, those animals ought to be procurable in France, alive or in the carcase, for less than their cost in England. A glance at the London price-list would enable the Frenchman to interpret the influence exercised by the presence of British customers on the question of the prices asked by Parisian butchers. His eyes necessarily opened as he put this and that together, and checked off, in kilos and francs, the reckoning as it was and as it ought to have been.

We pause by the way to notice what seems to us a grave error in a citation of an authority to which, apparently, weight would be due, and which probably enjoys wide currency on both sides of the Channel. M. de Lavergne is well known as a foreign writer on economics. In one of his tables, as cited in a book now before us, entitled *Where shall we get Meat?* the following estimate is given on his authority, in p. 252:—

Number of cattle slaughtered in the British Isles, 2,000,000 head; giving of meat 500,000,000 kilos.

Number in France, 10,000,000 head; producing only 400,000,000 kilos.

The year for which these figures are quoted is 1860; now, in p. 242 of the same book we find the consumption of cattle in these islands in 1834 put by Mr. Spackman at 2,000,000 head, and are told that the importation of cattle from Ireland alone had more than doubled in the seventeen years from 1846 to 1863. If, however, Mr. Spackman's estimate of 2,000,000 for 1834, six-and-twenty years earlier than 1860, is anything near correct, the same figure of 2,000,000 for this latter year is clearly far too low, and ought probably to be nearer 3,000,000. But further, the weight of meat ascribed to the carcase of the French animal is absurdly small; it amounts, in fact, to 40 kilos or about 90 lbs. per head, whereas the estimate for cattle slaughtered here is 250 kilos, or about 560 lbs. The Shakspearian estimate "that on each pair of English legs did march three Frenchmen" would be to a great extent justified if we could prove that six of the lean kind of France were bound up in the hide of one British ox. We can hardly believe, without reference to M. de Lavergne's work, that he has fallen into so gross an error. But whether it be his or that of the English writer who quotes him, it forms, we again urge, a "caution" to those who rake columns of figures together, without pausing for a moment to let a ray of common sense find its way into the heap.

A statement involving a similar error went the round of the English papers a fortnight ago. It was to the effect that, finding the butchers in France were charging 6d. per pound for meat, the farmers undersold them by charging 4d., and found that they could thus realize a considerable profit beyond that which they would have made by selling their cattle to the butcher. Now that the difference between farmers' and butchers' prices may have been in the ratio of 4 to 6, or 50 per cent., we readily admit; but where in France, we should like to

know, within a hundred miles of the capital, has butchers' meat been purchasable at 6d. per pound? We flatly say we do not believe these figures. They are inconsistent with all that we know and have heard for the last three years at least. The price of butchers' meat in Paris has not been below that of London during this period; while, since the end of the year 1865, the tendency, although perhaps slight, has been in favour of an increase. The further statement, however, that the agriculturists had found out the enormous profits which the Parisian butchers were making and had interposed to undersell them, while at the same time securing an ample profit for themselves, is fully confirmed by the information which has reached us. The Commissariat of the French troops stationed in the capital has found out this source of supply, and the messes of the *casernes* there are now generally furnished by graziers direct from the provinces, without any intervention of butchers at all. It is even stated that the *caserne* now includes a slaughter-house, and that the animal reaches it alive. We believe that our neighbours are still less solicitous about the condition of their animals, as furnishing food for the table, than we are, and that the superiority of their culinary resources perhaps compensates, in their eyes, for the inferior quality of the meat as it reaches the cook. Otherwise it would be difficult to account for the preference of a system which rests on the transfer of the live animal to the barracks, plodding many a weary league, and losing, if it were in such condition as a Briton likes to see an ox present, many a goodly pound of meat by the way. The system, however, of introducing a meat supply in some form directly from the hands that rear the animal, seems to be gaining ground in Paris; and there, too, the butchers are probably learning the lesson that an over-grasping policy in retailers works its own revenge.

The chief characteristics of the French system of supply are the high price of veal and the development of sales by auction for live cattle. The first arises, according to the accounts which reach us, from the great demand for milk in Paris and populous places. This diverts the milk, it is said, from the calf; and by consequence the calf is either killed at a very premature age, and veal is bad, or reared on artificial diet at an increased expense, and veal is dear. We should infer from this that the French have yet a good deal to learn in the art of rearing cattle in the earlier stages. Of the largely increased value of dairy farms in the vicinity of cities, however, there is no doubt. Anywhere on a railway within a radius of thirty miles, the highest farming profits are now got by laying down land with a mere view to milk. Farmers may take the butter out of it if they like; but milk, pure and simple, pays the best. We have even heard of this daring enterprise being prosecuted with great success between London and Dorsetshire, and the milk-pail is now fairly started on its travels. At any rate, whether the cause lie in the demand for milk or not, there are the figures:—veal in Paris fetches 1s. per pound; beef, except the *filet*, which is, as usual, more than double, 9d. per pound; and mutton, 11d. The sales by auction are specially noted at Poissy and Sceaux, markets from which the metropolis is largely supplied, and which seem to rule the roast—or at least the price paid for it—in Paris. There is also evidence that the agriculturists have been for some time as keen as the butchers, and some accounts go to the length of ascribing the enhanced prices current of late years to them in a larger measure than to the latter. The graziers of Anjou, Nièvre, and especially of Normandy, have found large custom come their way, and have been able to flourish and become *rentiers* at a rate which would have surprised the simple peasants of the last generation. Probably, during the last nine months, the alarm of cattle plague has drawn a strict *cordon* along the Belgian and Rhenish frontier, which, whilst it has preserved them from havoc, has also kept out competition. Thus they are able to fix pretty nearly their own prices, whilst the butchers of course trump the trick, and so the game goes on.

REVIEWS.

BENEDICTINE MONASTERIES IN ITALY.*

WHATEVER we may think of monks, the history of the monastic orders, at least in the Latin Church, is one of the most varied and remarkable portions of the experience of human nature during the last fifteen centuries. It is the history of high aims, of boundless self-devotion, of singular power of will; we may add, and add truly, that it is also the history of invariable disappointment and degeneracy, of the high aim baffled, of the self-devotion but partially of any use, of the power of will misdirected. But, after all, this would be a very incomplete summary of results; the failure is unquestionable, but it is not much more than the failure which attends all great attempts. The monks have done a good deal of work in the world, and, if the world has often had good reason to complain of them, there is very much for which it owes them abundant thanks. They have left their mark deeply, and as much for good as for ill, on the face of Europe, and on the mental culture of its most civilized society. That they cleared waste and forest, that they tilled and planted, that they were readers and teachers, that they kept schools and recorded history and formed libraries when there was no one else to do these

* *Les Monastères Benedictins d'Italie.* Par Alphonse Dantier. 2 vols. Paris: Didier. 1866.

things, that they were great builders, that modern art had its beginnings among them and achieved under their inspiration some of its noblest works, is only part, the outward and material part, of the impression they have left on the world. They were also the creators of new ideas. Each new order embodied its own strongly marked rule of action and interpretation of life; each struck out a new line of activity, and created a new set of distinct objects; by each a new spirit and genius was introduced into the world; each had its emphatic lesson, its distinguishing protest, its definite character, its fatal defect; and the new thoughts and aspects, the new sympathies and the new repulsions and hatreds, to which each gave birth, passed permanently into the common inheritance of society. They were daring experimentalists with human nature, and put it without flinching to the most extreme proofs; their trials searched it to its depths, and brought out in it new and unsuspected capacities, new and strange refinements and combinations of emotion and purpose, some unspeakably admirable and some unspeakably detestable. New prospects, conceptions, powers rose up and were developed amid their unsparing self-discipline and profound self-scrutiny, their undiscouraged attempts after a perfection that all others had failed in, their desperate struggles with their own hearts. We should not know half what we do about ourselves, what heights of divine beauty are to be reached by human feeling and character, and to what depths of incredible debasement they may sink, were it not for all that has been seen, century after century, in this great department of human life.

But it is not an easy history to write. It is easy to be sentimental about it, and easy to be sarcastic and severe; but it is not so easy to be just. M. Alphonse Dantier has undertaken to tell us about not the least important of the great orders, and about not the least interesting of the seats and houses of that order—about the Italian monasteries of the Benedictine order. The subject is attractive. His plan takes in the great mother-house, Monte Cassino, still surviving after the storms of thirteen centuries, and still tenanted by Benedictines, whose number has dwindled down, but who are men of intelligence and cultivation, learned, and in sympathy with their age; and, in addition, the group of connected houses, Sta. Scholastica and the *Sagro Speco* at Subiaco, Cava, and Monte Vergine. It includes also notices of the Basilian monastery at Grotta Ferrata, of the once famous Bobbio, and Camaldoli. He allows himself ample range; for he is not content with writing a "voyage littéraire," and telling us what he saw and heard in cloisters and libraries, but he discourses largely on monasticism in general, he writes on the history of the Benedictine order, and gives us a commentary on the Benedictine rule. M. Dantier has undoubtedly seen a good deal, and seen it at his leisure; he is a well-read man, and knows his subject; and he sees clearly and truly that there is a good deal to say for the family of St. Benedict. The book promises to be interesting; but we soon find out that we are in the hands of one of that innumerable tribe of French writers who seem to have no individual character, who all write so correctly, so fluently, with exactly the same kind and amount of something very commonplace, which they seem to take for elevation of thought and intelligent appreciation of their subject.

We cannot blame, indeed—but we may sleep.

His book is a book without relief; it is all admiration, all sympathy and unctious; further, it is excessively discursive, and it abounds in insignificant and irrelevant gossip. A good account of the existing state of the great Benedictine monasteries, by a friendly observer, and given from actual acquaintance with their interiors, and the life and ways of their inmates, would be worth having; but it is tiresome to have to read the insipid reflections on monastic virtues, and the feeble attempts at reporting conversations, with which M. Dantier swells out his volumes.

We should have preferred a report on these remarkable places by an observer who could judge as well as sympathize, and who was not so entirely overpowered as M. Dantier is by the influences and recollections of the scenes visited. An admirer and eulogist of the great old Benedictines of St. Maur, describing a *Her Italicum* in their footsteps, might have been more manly, and have twaddled and maundered less. Yet the book brings together a good deal of information about places which must always have interest for those who care about the chequered history of Christendom. Monte Cassino and the sanctuaries at Subiaco date from the sixth century. They have exhibited every phase and fortune of monasticism, and in their present deep decay they are still tenacious of life. The most ancient of existing monasteries in the West, Monte Cassino is perhaps the only one in which monasticism has still preserved something, not only of its learned habits, but of its spirit of independence and sympathy with the times. M. Dantier's sketch of its history, drawn from the book of the Benedictine Tosti, a man of learning and a thorough Italian in his feelings, shows that, throughout its long course, it had remarkable powers of taking its place in the social system of the time, and of suiting itself to the conditions and changes round it. It did not merely show great energy at starting, do a great work, and then, finding its work done and that it could do no other, sink into simple exhaustion and vacancy, like many of the great religious schemes of the middle ages. In an ascetic period it was ascetic; in a turbulent time it threw itself into the fierce passions of the time; when the age expected a monastery to be learned, it took to learning. Nothing in its literal aspect can appear less elastic or accommodating than the rule of St. Benedict; yet there was something in

the spirit which seems to have accompanied his rule in its native place which was in reality larger and freer, and more capable of adapting itself to the changes of time, than the legislation of later orders. Monte Cassino, without breaking the thread of its traditions, reflected the character of the passing day. Its foundations were laid in what may be called simply the austere interpretation of the Christian law and life; an interpretation which took in the most rigorous earnest the precepts about leaving all, and praying always, and taking no thought for food and raiment. It looked upon the life for which it gave rules not as one form of religious life and perfection, but as the way of fulfilling the Sermon on the Mount. The rule of St. Benedict was not one among monastic rules, but the rule of the monastic life. A Papal privilege of the eighth century calls him "patrem omnium monachorum," "monasticæ legis latorem," "quem Deus omnibus per totum orbem monasteriis prefecit." Monte Cassino must have realized the idea of its founder, for its rule to have become the fountain-head of Western monasticism, and to have supplanted all older forms of discipline. It began with austere devotion, and with hard manual labour as the religious work of life. This was what recommended monasticism in days of violence and invasion; it was the builder-up of the old waste places, the "desolations of many generations," the "repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in." Monte Cassino, too, took its share in the familiar sufferings of those days. Within its first half century its inmates were burnt out and driven away by the Lombards; they returned, after more than a hundred years' exile at Rome, to receive great possessions from the descendants of the Lombards who had expelled them. Again, after another century and a half, the house was laid waste and the abbot slaughtered by the Saracens. But the monks returned from a second exile, and with them the prosperity of their house. Monte Cassino reflected the times. When monks had been tillers of the ground, its monks had tilled the ground. When they became great landlords and proprietors, the possessions of the monastery had swelled into a little principality. When manual labour gave place to labour at the desk, the library increased and monks wrote and transcribed. When the great houses had to take their side in the quarrels of the Empire and the Priesthood, of Popes and Anti-Popes, Monte Cassino was dragged into the dangerous politics of the time. According to the character of its abbot, or the necessities of the moment, it was at one time for the Pope, at another for the Empire, though for the most part it supported zealously, yet with prudent moderation, the Church cause. When great abbots were diplomats and military leaders, the abbots of Monte Cassino conducted embassies, or else fought, ravaged, burnt, and hung, after the same fashion as the neighbouring counts and barons with whom they disputed. Abbot Roffredo was as merciless a *condottiere* in the service of Innocent III. as he had formerly been in the service of Henry VI.; Abbot Bernard fought and intrigued in the cause of the Church and of Charles of Anjou, negotiated for Charles in Hungary, negotiated against him at Constantinople. When the magnificent patrimony of St. Benedict, with its dignities and princely revenues, was worth seeking as a desirable preferment by the sons and cousins of noble families, Monte Cassino had its high-born abbots, who not only feathered their own nests out of it, but enabled friends and relations to form fine family estates out of its domains; and when, as a next step, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it had come to be agreed that the acting head of a monastery had no need of so magnificent an inheritance, the wealth of the house was appropriated to objects which were thought more important. Under the respectable fiction of an ecclesiastical trust, a benefice given *in commendam*, it was in fact secularized, and applied to the practical purpose of supporting the expenditure of the leading actors in Church and State—Popes and Cardinals, and their families. Thus the famous Abbey of Sta. Scholastica at Subiaco, from the time of Alexander VI., was given *in commendam* to the family of the Colonna for 160 years, and passed from them to the Barberini, who held it when Mabilion was travelling in 1685. So Monte Cassino was enjoyed by titular abbots, such as Paul II.; Cardinal Scarampa, the conqueror of the Turks, who also held *in commendam* the great Abbey of Cava; and Giovanni dei Medici, afterwards Leo X., but, as Abbot of Monte Cassino, the less successful champion of French interests against the Great Captain Consalvo. Monte Cassino had undergone by the end of the sixteenth century, at the hands of its Catholic neighbours and its Papal protectors, a spoliation little less complete than that of the monastic proprietors in heretical England. The house, it is true, was left; and when the Abbey was no longer worth holding *in commendam*, the monks were allowed to have their monastery to themselves. They restored their buildings, and reformed their rules of life, in conformity with the tastes of the age of the Council of Trent. They rebuilt their church, destroying, apparently to make room for one in the Renaissance style, a grand structure of the eleventh century, built by Desiderius, the friend and successor of Gregory VII., of which the only remains are two gates of bronze with the date of 1066, and containing, in inlaid silver letters, a long list of the possessions of the Abbey. They rebuilt and refurnished their library, which Mabilion, in the next century, found in very good condition. But they were no longer the body which had been the model of austere monasticism to Christendom. They were content with keeping up the literary traditions of their order. The French Benedictines of St. Maur found a kindred feeling of interest in learned pursuits among their Italian brethren at Monte Cassino. They had left to younger

orders the praise of the strictest and most severe forms of religious observance. But they cherished the feeling, and they still feel, that an ancient house like theirs, which did a good deal for learning in less prosperous days, ought to maintain its character and its credit with society, by giving examples of study, and contributing to the knowledge of the time. They have not forgotten the Benedictine motto inscribed in letters of gold on the Benedictine Basilica of St. Paolo at Rome:—

Hic studet atque legit monachorum cœtus et orat.

Monte Cassino, which suffered much in the good old days, and hardly held its own against the encroachments of the eighteenth century, was ruined by the French Revolution, and did not recover even its diminished possessions when the Bourbons came back. It is now reduced to a community of some twenty monks, though it has its dependent, or rather associated, houses in other parts of Italy, and has planted monastic colonies even in Australia, which preserve, oddly enough, amidst the English names of Victoria, the names of the birthplace and first retreat of St. Benedict, *Nuova Norcia* and *Nuova Subiaco*. But, like several of the houses mentioned by M. Dantier, it has the attraction, not only of a library—still a valuable one, in spite of depredations of which the Vatican, among other collections, has had the benefit—but also of a singularly rich collection of charters and ancient deeds, eight hundred in number, the witnesses of its long history. And—what has not been the case everywhere else—Monte Cassino has had for more than a century and a half a succession of students, who were aware of the value and historical interest of these treasures, and have been able to make use of them; and all visitors are agreed in testifying to the liberality and courtesy with which the archives are laid open to literary inquirers. They are also said, by M. Dantier, to contain a good deal of literary correspondence of the last three centuries. He mentions, among other things, the manuscript lectures, contained in many volumes, of Cremonini, who taught philosophy at Padua towards the end of the sixteenth century, and who, though he was supposed to be a materialist and to teach materialism in his lectures on Aristotle, was yet able to foil the Inquisition. M. Dantier cites a letter, which he found at Monte Cassino, from the Grand Inquisitor of Padua in 1619, calling on Cremonini, with much politeness, but very peremptorily, in the name of the Pope and the Church, for a retraction of something publicly said by the Professor. Cremonini answered with equal politeness, acknowledging the Inquisitor's courtesy, but declaring that he is unable to change anything in his lectures on Aristotle, which have been approved by the Senate. "A retraction," he says, "would be contrary to his duty and his conscience, as well as to the strict obligations of his position. All that he can promise is to be silent, and not to answer, if any one writes against him, as Niphus refuted Pomponatius on the Immortality of the Soul." "This," he says, "is the only satisfaction which I can allow myself to offer," and apparently no more was required. Those whom the Inquisition in those days let alone furnish as singular illustrations of its ways as those whom it tormented. Its connivance, apparently capricious, was as remarkable as its inexorable severity. Cremonini was felt by every one to be laughing in his sleeve at the Inquisition. Yet he escaped, when Galileo was persecuted and Giordano Bruno and Vanini were burnt:—

Il faut reconnaître que Cremonini, selon le mot caractéristique de Gabriel Naudé, y joue au fin avec le grand inquisiteur. Tout en ménageant le saint office, il veut conserver, avec le droit de dire sa pensée entière, les avantages attachés à sa position de professeur officiel. . . . Homme expert et prudent, il a, selon l'occurrence, un pied dans le camp des orthodoxes et un autre pied dans le camp des libres penseurs. En cela, il suit l'exemple de beaucoup d'autres philosophes de son siècle, lesquels n'osant soutenir en leur nom personnel les opinions capables de les compromettre, les produisaient sous un nom étranger, en ayant soin de ne les combattre que faiblement, et de laisser découvrir leur propre pensée à travers celle qu'ils réfutaient par la forme. Ce fut par cette habile tactique, appuyée de continuelles protestations de foi religieuse, que le dernier représentant de l'averroïsme en Italie parvint, malgré ses hardiesses, à échapper aux poursuites de l'inquisition, dans le temps même qui vit persécuter le grand Galilée, et périr sur le bûcher Jordan Bruno et Lucilio Vanini.

M. Dantier also quotes a few extracts from the correspondence of the French Benedictines of St. Germain des Prés, Mabillon, Michel Germain, Montfaucon, and others, with the librarian of Monte Cassino, Gattola. It was an active and cordial one. The fragments which he gives reflect vividly the intense literary zeal and laboriousness which characterized that remarkable body of men, never equalled as associated labourers in literature, the St. Maur congregation. Here is a bit of literary gossip, sent from St. Germain to Monte Cassino by Dom Claude de Vic, about what was going on in the way of work and preparation among the French brethren; the date is November, 1714:—

De son côté dom Bernard de Montfaucon a publié la *Paleographie grecque* (1709), ainsi que deux tomes des *Hexaples* d'Origène (1713, 2 fol.), et il livre à l'impression son édition nouvelle des *Œuvres* de S. Jean Chrysostôme (published 1718, 13 vols fol.) avec cinq volumes de *L'Antiquité expliquée*, qui vont bientôt sortir de la presse (13 vols. 1719-1724). On imprime aussi une dissertation faite par dom Constant contre le Père Germon, Jésuite français, qui a écrit de nouveau contre l'authenticité des anciens *Diplômes* et *Manuscrits* [Mabillon's *de re diplomatica*]. Cette dissertation sera suivie de la publication du premier volume des *Decretales* et des *Lettres* des souverains pontifes, ouvrage fort remarquable et impatientement attendu du monde érudit. En outre le Père Julien Garnier s'approprie à donner une nouvelle édition de Saint-Basile [3 fol. 1721]. Quant à la réimpression du S. Irénée, et au cinquième volume des *Annales bénédictines*, je n'en parle pas à V. R., dans la persuasion qu'elle a déjà reçu ces ouvrages. Je vous apprendrai encore que dom Calmet, religieux lorrain de la congrégation de Saint-Vannes, a

fait paraître 14 volumes in 4° de commentaires sur l'Écriture Sainte, publication à laquelle tous les hommes savants n'ont pas manqué d'applaudir. . . .

It is curious to notice in these extracts the feeling which prevailed between the Benedictines and the Jesuits. Whatever the Benedictines produced the Jesuits criticized. The Benedictines, attached to the Fathers, and independent and straightforward scholars, were continually offending and alarming the jealous orthodoxy of the Jesuits. Jansenism was the ready charge in those days against obnoxious or suspected people. And the Benedictines believed that the Jesuits did not stop at criticizing, but employed underhand manœuvres to injure the reputation of those who gave them umbrage. The Benedictine editors of St. Augustine were accused of corrupting the text and of writing Jansenist notes and prefaces. The Pope, after examination, entirely cleared the Benedictines; but their spirit and sense of honour were touched. Mabillon took it meekly:—

Nous savons [he writes] de bonne part qu'il y a six Jésuites à Saint-Louis, qui examinent à la rigueur tous les ouvrages imprimés par la congrégation: S. Augustin, S. Athanase, S. Ambroise, et S. Bernard, et qu'ils critiquent tout à l'outrance. Cela fait peine à nos Pères; mais il faut prendre patience; c'est une persécution qui passera, quoique plusieurs évêques se joignent à eux, ce dont il ne faut pas s'étonner. Cette petite humiliation nous sera utile, et nous apprendra à ne s'appuyer pas beaucoup sur les applaudissements des hommes.

But Montfaucon, an old officer who had served under Turenne, was not so calm. He complained bitterly to Gattola and his brethren at Monte Cassino, who fully sympathized with him against the Jesuits. He writes:—

Je ne sais si votre Paternité voudra bien m'excuser d'avoir mis un si long retard à lui écrire; mais nous avons eu ici tant de sujets de préoccupation, causés principalement par la mort si regrettable de notre bien-aimé l'ère Estiennot et par l'affaire des Jésuites, que nous n'avons pu nous acquitter plus tôt de nos devoirs envers vous. Les Pères jésuites affirment et protestent qu'ils ne sont pas les auteurs de la lettre écrite contre notre édition de S. Augustin, depuis qu'ils ont vu que la réponse en Latin composée par votre serviteur était approuvée du maître du Sacré Palais; mais on ne doit point croire à leurs protestations. Espérons que le roi fera justice de tout ce scandale et punira les auteurs de cet audacieux libelle, comme S. M. a promis à l'archevêque de Paris. A ma prochaine lettre je vous mettrai au courant des nouvelles littéraires.

And M. Dantier quotes the shrewd remarks of another of the St. Maur brethren, Michel Germain, which show how little love was lost between the two orders:—

Erasme Gattola [writes M. Dantier], de son côté, par esprit de corporation, n'était pas plus partisan des docteurs de la Société de Jésus que les autres religieux du Mont Cassin et des monastères du royaume de Naples. Sur ce point, leur manière de voir confirmait l'opinion exprimée si nettement par Michel Germain, pendant son voyage dans l'Italie méridionale. "Les Napolitains," écrivait-il, "parlent de la France avec beaucoup plus de modération que les autres Italiens. Il n'y a que Maimbourg qui fait le comble de leur aversion. Descartes a les plus beaux esprits de Naples pour sectateurs; ils sont avides des ouvrages faits pour sa défense et pour éclaircir sa doctrine. Ces savants ne sont pas Jésuites. Tout Italiens qu'ils sont, ils ne les épargnent pas, même en leur présence; je m'en suis étonné. C'est pourtant ce que j'ai remarqué ici et ailleurs; c'est peut-être que fin contre fin ne veut rien à faire doubler."

Monte Cassino, its history, its literary treasures, its present modest and hospitable and agreeable inmates, together with various digressions, take up half of M. Dantier's book. In the remaining portion he gossips, sometimes pleasantly, sometimes wearily enough, about a variety of monastic sites and sanctuaries which he visited. Among these are the great Basilica of *S. Paolo fuori le Mura*, from very early times in the keeping of a Benedictine monastery, and still connected with that branch of the order, the congregation of St. Justina of Padua, which now represents the original stock, and of which Monte Cassino is the chief member; and the Roman house belonging to the same brotherhood, the monastery of St. Calixtus, the head-quarters of the order at Rome, their normal school, and the residence of the official representative who watches over their interests—often a delicate and difficult office—at the Papal Court. We have also an account of Subiaco, with the abbey of St. Scholastica, named after the sister of St. Benedict, a foundation as old as Monte Cassino itself, but chiefly remarkable in the middle ages as one of the most turbulent and quarrelsome, both within and without, of monastic communities, till a colony of German monks, planted there in the fourteenth century, drew thither in the following century, among others of their countrymen, two craftsmen, who brought with them a new art, set up a printing-press in the monastery, and in 1465 printed at Subiaco the first books printed in Italy. To these must be added the "Sacred Cave" of St. Benedict, in the mountain glen above Subiaco, masked by its church built in three stages against the rock, with its fresco-paintings—older, says M. Dantier, than Cimabue—and its rose-garden, which sprang up at the prayers of St. Francis in the place of the thorns and briars among which St. Benedict had used to roll himself for penance; the Abbey of Cava, near Salerno, an offshoot of the great French "reform" of Cluny, now united in the same congregation with Monte Cassino, and, after Monte Cassino, the most famous monastery of the South of Italy; and, lastly, the little visited but curious Benedictine house of Monte Vergine, near Avellino, where the monastic legends linger in all their wildness—as, for instance, that in consequence of the prohibition, pronounced under a solemn curse by the founder, of the introduction of animal food into the monastery, everything of the kind, flesh, eggs, milk, turns putrid at once when brought within half a mile of the place. M. Dantier is half inclined to believe it, and adds that as late as 1708 it was thought worth while by a cardinal to establish the fact by a judicial inquiry.

The studious and literary habits of the Benedictine order vary

greatly in these different places. M. Dantier, a very indulgent observer, has not much to say of the learning of the inmates of Sta. Scholastica or Monte Vergine, though he bears witness to their cordial hospitality, their pleasant manners, their respectable life, and their attention to their devotional duties. But almost all these houses, besides the charms of their situation, and in many cases the valuable remains of middle-age art which they possess, have one interesting feature. Besides their libraries of early printed books, which are generally said to be valuable, they have precious collections of ancient records, charters, title-deeds, privileges, Papal and Imperial letters, all of great value for the history of Italy, and, in some cases, of Christendom. They have frequently their Chronicle, which, besides its notices of events, embodies important documents of the time. The archives of Monte Cassino are well known. At Cava, the library and archives have been, from the remote situation of the place, less exposed to depredation than those of Monte Cassino, and are, according to M. Dantier, of the highest interest. Besides early printed books and a few MSS. of interest, the collection of charters is singularly rich; and it has had the advantage of being looked after with unusual care. Mabillon, in the seventeenth century, found the records in excellent order, arranged and calendared. They consist, says M. Dantier, of 60,000 contracts or donations, 40,000 various deeds on parchment, and 1,600 bulls or official letters, the earliest going back to 840, and comprising an important series of Lombard charters from that date to the end of the eleventh century, which was published by a learned member of the house in 1781. Monte Vergine also has a considerable collection of records, bound up in volumes and kept in good condition.

The indiscriminate destruction of all these establishments, which is one of the favourite schemes in the Italian Parliament, seems a very short-sighted and wasteful measure. There can be no doubt that the great majority of the monasteries would be better abolished; and they have usurped and abused so much in times past, in the name of the Church and religion, that it is not surprising if the State turns the tables upon them, and converts property which was ill-gotten and ill-employed to secular uses. But there are a number of monastic houses which a patriotic Italian might well desire to see excepted from the general ruin. They are among the most famous monuments of his country, connected at every step with its history or development. To say nothing of their beauty and interest, derived often from their local scenery, often from the art which is enshrined and preserved in them, they are the links which bind the centuries together, and witness to the men of to-day about those of many generations back. Some of them have been schools; others are still rich treasure-houses of books and ancient records, which have been carefully kept, and which, without some strong reason, are better left where they have been accumulated and have a local interest. The great historical monasteries are to Italy what Oxford and Cambridge, with their colleges, are to England; for it is not merely as places of study, but as threads of history, conductors of the influences of past ages, and shrines of venerable and glorious memories, that our colleges fill such a place in England. That the monasteries need in many cases to be reformed, and placed on a footing where they may do service to the nation, is likely enough, and is nothing new in the history of monastic orders. There is work for them to do, which it would be quite fair to require them to do. But, if they were willing to do it, it is simple waste of means and institutions ready made, not to give them a trial. Monasticism is, not without reason, unpopular in Italy just now; but, for all that, it has its nobler and better side, and only the narrowest and most illiberal bigotry would grudge leaving such places as Monte Cassino in the hands of the comparatively limited number of recluses who in our days are likely to be drawn to them. Monasteries, after all, cannot be prohibited; new ones will rise if the old ones are taken away. They may need to be adapted to changes in society; they may need to be watched and controlled, though to have the magnificent possessions and revenues of former days cut down they by this time scarcely need; but to sweep them away altogether is to throw away instruments which have their use even now, and may one day prove of the greatest value, and unwisely to impoverish the country in that which gives it variety and the dignity of age.

LA CONTAGION.*

M. ÉMILE AUGIER, author of *Le Fils de Giboyer*, and one of the leading French dramatists of the day, has recently brought out at the Odéon a play to which he gives the suggestive title of *La Contagion*, and which he presents to us as a faithful portrait of Parisian life. Readers at all familiar with current French literature will scarcely require to be told what such a title in this connection implies. Paris is just now in an indecently virtuous mood, and insists upon an unblushing exposure of its own vice. It reminds us of the prude in Byron, who makes a searching scrutiny through her eye-glass of a scantily-dressed statue, in order to satisfy herself of its shocking indecency; or of those inflammatory mediæval homilies in which prurient piety details with luscious minuteness the pleasures not permitted to lawful love. Take up nowadays any

popular play about French life, no matter how unpromising the title, and the chances are you will find it a highly-spiced sermon on the profligacy of modern society, and the alarming advance of the *demi-monde*. No wonder, then, that a play with so taking a title as *La Contagion* should crowd the theatre from gallery to pit with citizens as chastely eager as Byron's prude to have ocular demonstration of the outrageous immorality of their age. It seemed to us at first extremely presumptuous in any professedly decent writer to think himself capable of satisfying the high expectation of seeing something improper which such a title was sure to raise, but it is only just to M. Augier to admit that his confidence in his own powers of impropriety was not misplaced. The most exacting and most curious of his audience could find no reason to complain. In M. Augier's own classical language, they are "initiated into the mysteries of our modern Phrynes," are taken into their exquisitely-furnished boudoirs and charming supper-parties, can see for a couple of francs how Phryne dines and dresses upon a modest eighty or ninety thousand francs a year. While Paris remains in its present mood of morbid introspection, such a play cannot fail to be universally popular. It conciliates all classes, and suits alike the sinners and the saints. To the sinners it is at once a gratifying recognition of their social importance, and, what is still better (since even vanity is subordinate to interest in the mind of the well-regulated lorette), it serves as a business advertisement of the best kind, attractive as the chaste denunciations of Anonyma which sent crowds to stare at her pork-pie hat and pretty ponies in Rotten Row. To the saints it affords the pious pleasure of looking down upon their neighbours, and the convenience of a lawful initiation into unlawful rites.

There is, however, to the title *La Contagion*—although it may be unimpeachable from the advertising point of view—one objection which we should like to see got rid of. We cannot satisfy ourselves as to the exact connection between the title and the plot. Infection implies that somebody infects somebody else; and, as it is not unimportant that we should know who is infected and who infects, the author has no right to leave us in doubt whether the *demi-monde* infect the virtuous characters, or the virtuous characters infect the *demi-monde*. He can scarcely mean that they both infect each other. M. Augier's French critics seem thus far to have regarded his virtuous people as the sufferers, and there are certainly one or two incidents in the play which lend colour to this view. A virtuous marchioness all but fatally compromises her character by venturing alone to the chambers of the polished scoundrel and well-bred ruffian of the piece, who, happening at the moment to be in want of funds, tries a somewhat rough-and-ready plan for making her marriage with him inevitable. As he himself forcibly puts it, "Une fois à moi elle aurait imploré le sacrement." Again, a virtuous engineer is nearly seduced, by the delicate boots and white shoulders of a "modern Phryne," into selling to the perfidious English his patriotic scheme for the "suppression of Gibraltar." But despite these two instances—the only two, by the way, we can find—of the contagious influence of the *demi-monde* upon the virtuous characters, we are of opinion that M. Augier's critics, unable to appreciate the boldness of his departure from the conventional view, have cruelly misunderstood him, and that he really intends to illustrate the demoralizing influence of so-called respectable society upon the *demi-monde*. In one direction, it is true, the influence is healthy, but then it is exercised in a fashion for which the respectable classes can scarcely take much credit. It has long been a subject of grave complaint that the recognised leaders of fashion take their tone from anonymous rivals, but for the beneficial results of this imitation we were not prepared. We now learn from M. Augier that, in consequence of ladies of fashion being so fast, "les biches," in order to maintain a distinctive character, are driven to be slow:—"Tandis que les femmes comme il faut s'évertuent à avoir l'air des biches, les biches s'évertuent à avoir l'air des femmes comme il faut; c'est un chassé croisé avec égal succès de part et d'autre." One of M. Augier's heroes complains that a noisy rollicking mistress of the old school, ready to smoke, talk slang, and, on occasion, swear, is almost as rare as a quiet matron. To get such a jolly companion one is driven to the—alas!—indissoluble marriage-tie. He has had great difficulty in procuring a single specimen of the old-fashioned "sauvageon," and even then has to exert all his influence to maintain her social position among "les biches" of modern breed, who consider her taste for vulgar chaff and low puns a disgrace to the profession. The head of the profession, Mademoiselle Navarette, who is virtually the heroine of the piece, is the very perfection of refinement and good breeding. She is described as having "toutes les manières de l'ancienne cour," and presents a charming contrast to the vulgarity and would-be "fastness" of the virtuous Marchioness. This reform in the habits of the *demi-monde* is all the more gratifying, inasmuch as it appears, from M. Augier's "Study of Parisian Manners," that its leaders mix on very friendly and pleasant terms with the leaders of fashionable life. We may therefore hope that the latter, in their effort "à avoir l'air des biches," will gradually catch this improved tone, until a general reaction in favour of a quiet and modest demeanour sets in throughout respectable society. The virtuous and fast Marchioness, for instance, gets some valuable hints on etiquette from Navarette, learning, among other things, that smoking is unladylike, and that if a mother has ever been on more than Platonic terms with an admirer she ought not, in the face of the table of affinity, to let her family intermarry with his. But

* *La Contagion, Étude des Mœurs Parisiennes*. Comédie en cinq actes, en prose. Par Émile Augier, de l'Académie Française. Paris.

the hints are administered with so much delicacy that the most sensitive pupil could not take offence, and, to do the Marchioness justice, she is charmed with her teacher. "Vous avez toutes les délicatesses, Mademoiselle," she rapturously exclaims, and elsewhere she congratulates Navarette's proprietor, her own suitor, upon the possession of "une charmante personne, pleine de tact et véritable distinction," whose "acquaintance she is enchanted to have made." The ladies are both in love with this suitor, and it is in their well-bred rivalry for his hand that the main interest of the plot lies. He is Le Baron Raoul d'Estrigaud, whose fertility of resource, eagle glance, rapid decision—"all the qualities, in short, of a great general"—help to make him one of the most fascinating and accomplished of stage scoundrels. His magnificent genius, in an unwelcome and money-making age, naturally finds its most appropriate sphere in the gaming-table and the stock-exchange. Out of the last he makes a handsome income, Navarette materially assisting him with secret information, which she procures from a commercial oracle named Cantezac, and for which she pays the oracle in a fashion which the Baron is too much of a gentleman to scrutinize. As a finished man of fashion, he laughs at the notion of marriage (except as a *dernier ressort* in dire need), and is far above the weakness of being in love with either of the nymphs who pursue him. He keeps Navarette, because he considers a fashionable mistress a necessity of his social position, and he tries to seduce the Marchioness, in order to obtain a convenient hold upon respectable society, and to strengthen his intimacy with her brother. A stratagem of Navarette's suddenly reduces him to hopeless bankruptcy, and he is just meditating suicide, when she places her fortune at his feet. With a fine sense of honour, he declares that "a gentleman cannot ruin any woman but his lawful wife," and there is a little difficulty in the way of his conferring the right to be ruined upon Navarette. "Cantezac could not look him in the face without laughing, and the laugh would be infectious." Ridicule is the one solitary thing under heaven the Baron fears. However, a man with all the qualities of a great general is not to be balked, even by this difficulty. He gently fillics Cantezac on the nose, as a preliminary to running him through the body, and, taking prompt advantage of a slight wound which he has the good luck to receive in return for his fatal thrust, he extemporizes a most effective death-bed scene and melodramatic marriage with Navarette, over which romantic Paris sheds admiring tears.

Our readers are now in a position to estimate for themselves the morality and worth of this, the latest, attempt to titillate the prurience of Paris under pretence of exposing her darling sins. If it really is what it purports to be, and what the reputation of its author, a member of the French Academy, gives it some claim to be considered, a faithful representation of Parisian life, it well deserves consideration, for a more depraved state of society could not well exist. But it is obviously so highly coloured and, to use a technical term, so "stagey," that it would be unsafe to credit it with more than a slender substratum of truth. It is only an exaggerated and dramatic way of telling us—what we all knew before—that the *demi-monde* dines and dresses extravagantly at the cost of wealthy admirers, and that men of rank occasionally live by their wits. But this very untruthfulness makes the portrait in one respect all the more remarkable, since it shows how utterly vicious must be the taste which accepts this immoral and fictitious exposure of profligacy as if it were a satire honest and real. Even without taking into consideration the fact that it is the work of a prominent writer, and has been produced at a first-rate theatre, *La Contagion* appears to us the most offensive specimen we have yet seen of the sham satires upon society which in Paris are now all the rage. The piece is pervaded by immorality of the worst kind, from the first appearance of Navarette on the stage to the moment of her romantic marriage. We do not mean by this that it is immoral to make vice successful, and that M. Augier was bound, in the interests of virtue, to bring the Baron and Navarette to grief instead of making them marry and live happily ever afterwards. We have no sympathy with the theory that the curtain should always fall upon virtue triumphant and vice overthrown. When Sir Bulwer Lytton, for instance, makes Randal Leslie, a man of consummate ability, end his life as a drunken usher, merely because he is a knave, it is impossible not to feel that popular prejudice is being propitiated at the expense of sound morality and art. It is bad art, because it is untrue to life, and it is bad morality, because it practically amounts to making success the criterion of virtue, and failure that of vice. Thackeray's Becky Sharp closing her adventurous career in affluence and works of charity is at once a more courageous and a more honest picture, although to a certain class of moralists it is almost as shocking as that the good Colonel Newcome should die in an almshouse. We condemn *La Contagion* not because vice prospers, but because it is throughout associated with all that captivates the imagination and charms the sense. The Baron tries to seduce the sister of his intimate friend, prostitutes his mistress to get information which he can turn into money, and then murders the paramour in cold blood because it becomes convenient to marry the mistress. Yet he is endowed with all the external qualities that can serve to excite our interest and admiration. To the virtues and graces of his mistress Navarette, the charming representative of the *demi-monde*, we have already striven, however inadequately, to do justice. All the author's art is employed in enlisting the sympathies of the audience on her side,

and as the audience is French it is almost needless to say that he completely succeeds. The French have such an odd turn for sham sentiment, especially about things improper, that they can get an amount of poetry out of prostitution perfectly astonishing to those who look at it from its matter-of-fact prosaic side. All through the performance Navarette is the chief object of interest to the audience. A suppressed murmur of admiration runs through the theatre when she first sweeps gracefully on to the stage in a toilette "élégante," but still, as the author takes care to remind us, "sévère." Enthusiastic applause follows the rapturous declaration of the Marchioness that Navarette has "toutes les délicatesses," and among them that "honneur qui s'appelle le cœur." And the sensational hit of the piece is the opening of the curtain upon the exquisitely-appointed *salon* where she dispenses her "petite hospitalité" to a select circle of well-dressed beauties and wits, and where luxury presides in every form, controlled by the most perfect taste.

Now, even if all this sentimental and elegant depravity had the excuse of being true to life, we should consider that an author grossly abused his powers who devoted them to its elaborate glorification. It is just as low art in a dramatist to dwell with loving hand upon what is morally hideous, as it is in a painter to dwell upon what is hideous physically. If the former may paint prostitution in glowing tints because it actually exists, the latter might for the same reason paint a cancer. But M. Augier has not even this poor excuse. Everybody knows that prostitution has about it far less poetry than prose. The Mimi-Bamboche or Rigolboche of real life bears about as much resemblance to the Navarette of the stage as Barnum's Mermaid, half monkey half codfish, bore to the graceful creature, combing her tresses in a coral cave, whom he painted up outside his caravan. In presenting to the public this attractive "initiation into the mysteries of our modern Phrynes," M. Augier panders to a corrupt national taste in a fashion which would be discredit to any writer, and is scandalous in an author of his literary eminence; and he only makes matters worse by giving to his play a claptrap catchpenny title, implying a moral which it does not convey. Its success is a telling comment upon the present condition of the French stage. We grumble at the sensational trash which has so long been rampant in our own drama, but it ought to console us somewhat to reflect that our stage literature is perhaps not more trashy than that of our next-door neighbours, and is certainly far more pure.

MILL AND CARLYLE.*

THE conjunction of the names of the two most prominent leaders of opinion among the rising generation naturally makes one expect some comparison between their doctrines and the value which belongs to their influence. Such a comparison would be exceedingly instructive, and would have especial force at a time when they have both come conspicuously before the public—Mr. Carlyle by his Edinburgh address, and Mr. Mill by his speeches in Parliament. Fortunately, it is possible to admire one without depreciating the other. Mr. Carlyle has been the means of spreading abroad an increased love of sincere and elevated thought, though, when he comes to point out practical measures, even his disciples admit that he falls into rash and unprofitable fancies. Mr. Mill, on the other hand, though less fitted to raise this strenuous enthusiasm, has been more successful in directing it. Mr. Carlyle adjures us to think and act with a lofty truthfulness. Mr. Mill actually illustrates this lofty and sincere thought, in its application to affairs and conduct. The author of the little volume before us, however, does not invite his readers into the contrast or parallel which his title suggests. His book simply contains two fragments—one an examination of Mr. Mill's position in the everlasting Free-will controversy, and the other an admirably witty parody of Mr. Carlyle's eccentric style and remarkable views about heroes.

The essay on the Freedom of the Will is one of the thousand replies which Mr. Mill's examination of Hamilton is provoking. Mr. Alexander is not a slavish admirer of Hamilton, of whom he confesses that "it was a good deal Sir William's way to pour his porter out with a somewhat high hand, and to pride himself—pretty much as we may see a waiter do—on the scething of scholastic froth which appeared as a head for the liquor. Quite ingenuously he seems to have considered that the complete philosophical soundness of his tap was in this way guaranteed." Still he thinks it will be found that Mr. Mill has only stormed Hamilton's outworks, while the citadel is left unharmed. The particular doctrine which, according to Mr. Alexander, has suffered least from Mr. Mill's assault, is the Freedom of the Will, and this he endeavours to prove. Mr. Alexander is unquestionably a very clever writer, but cleverness is almost a hindrance in the discussion of the deeper problems of philosophy. For instance, Mr. Mill uses the phrase "just rights," on which his critic asks, "Did ever any one hear of unjust rights or just wrongs?" Surely the legal immunity of the French nobles from taxation was an unjust right, and, apart from this, it is surely also possible to add a descriptive epithet to an object, without implying necessarily that the opposite of the epithet could also be applicable. It is possible to talk of a fragrant rose, without being asked whether anybody ever heard of a rose with an unsavoury odour.

* *Mill and Carlyle.* An Examination of Mr. Mill's Doctrine of Causation in Relation to Moral Freedom. With an Occasional Discourse on Sauretieg. By Patrick Proctor Alexander, A.M. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo. 1866.

Mr. Mill, in speaking of "just rights," is not specifying one kind of right as distinguished from another, but prefixing a term descriptive of that peculiar characteristic of rights which is proper to the discussion in hand. Again, Mr. Alexander's cleverness too often seduces him into that rough-and-ready appeal to plain men, as distinguished from philosophers, which is fatal to all truly philosophic inquiry. His tone occasionally countenances the old kind of argument that logic, for example, is mere nonsense, because men reason correctly without knowing anything about *Barbara* and *Celarent*. Indeed, on one occasion, he actually falls into the exploded fallacy of "vanquishing Berkeley by a grin," when he says that "the idealist, unless also a madman, is under no temptation to run against walls and lamp-posts in the interest of his pet theory." Just as if, as it has been said, "persons who do not recognise an *occult cause* of their sensations could not possibly believe that a fixed order subsists among the sensations themselves." Mr. Alexander is at times so acute that this resort from real argument to the incredibility of this or that opinion to uneducated persons is the more extraordinary. Speaking of a certain conception of the doctrine of Utility, he declares that "however clearly it may approve itself to the minds of a few philosophic illuminati, the mass of men, till the day of doom, will have none of it." The question about a doctrine in philosophy is whether or not it is the true doctrine, not whether the mass of men will accept it. If the mass of men will not believe a true doctrine, so much the worse for them. Philosophy is the inquiry after truth, not the inquiry after views which may suit the palate of the "common sense" or the "plain men" of each succeeding age. In this respect Mr. Alexander is too much like Dr. Johnson in his method. "Sir, we know our will's free, and there's an end on't." Scientific controversies are scarcely much advanced by this peculiar style of proof and reasoning.

It will be enough here if we point out Mr. Alexander's general position, without attempting to follow him through his train of arguments. His view is not by any means peculiar to himself. Volitions, says Mr. Mill, are not spontaneous, automatic, or dissociated from all antecedents. Among them, as among other phenomena, there is an invariability of sequence. The same motives, unless counteracted by other motives, are always followed in the same person by the same volitions. Whenever the same set of motives or antecedents preponderate, the same volition will be the result. If the doctrine of Necessity "means any mysterious compulsion apart from simple invariability of sequence, I deny it as strenuously as any one." In other words, action or the effort of volition does not take place for no reason in particular, but because of some antecedent in the shape of a preponderating desire or aversion. But this, maintains Mr. Alexander, in spite of your trying to get out of it under the fine name of Causationism, is either Necessity or nothing. We cannot say that his illustration is very successful. "Suppose ten big men thewed like Hercules to clutch hold of a small and weak one, and perforce drag him after them, is there for Mr. Mill, in this case, any *must*, or inference of Necessity? . . . That this and every other conceivable case of compulsion admit of being generalized under Mr. Mill's law of Causation, defined as simply 'invariable sequence,' is too obvious." There is no volition in the case. The man's will could not have helped him from being dragged along by the ten big men. Mr. Mill is not likely to deny that the exertion of the strength of ten strong men over one weak man, and the yielding of the weak man, present an invariable sequence. But the weak one's will for the time does not exist. The only volitions are those of the strong men. Of these Mr. Mill would say that they were induced to act as they did by a set of preponderant motives, and that, so long as these motives remained preponderant, you might predict that the men would act as they did. "Unless Mr. Mill is prepared to announce one doctrine of Causation for gentlemen under constraint and another for gentlemen at large, &c., he must needs confess his distinction between the doctrines of Causation and Necessity, in relation to the moral problem, a trivial and merely a verbal one." It is not difficult to see that there are two doctrines of Causation, or rather that there is one doctrine, but two different kinds of objects to which it is applied, in the cases of men under constraint and of men at large. In the former it is physical; in the latter it is moral as well. The subjugation of a weak man by a strong man, *ceteris paribus*, is a case of invariable sequence. So is the triumph of the stronger preference in a man at large. Mr. Alexander may perhaps, as others have done, accuse Mr. Mill of "sending the word Necessity adrift in the dictionary without a meaning." But Mr. Mill has shown that the word has a meaning, as among the Mahomedans, who believe that our desires and aversions are powerless to influence our actions. His own doctrine, on the contrary, is that our actions are the invariable consequence of our preponderant desires and aversions. Why do Mr. Alexander's ten big men seize the little one? They cannot help it. The motives which prompt them to such a course are collectively stronger than those which dissuade them from it. Ferocity, or desire for revenge, or rude mirth is stronger than humanity, for instance. Their conduct will be the same so long as the same motive remains the strongest. Well, then, Mr. Alexander would say, you obliterate the notion of accountability; why should you punish them when they could not help doing as they did? Because by the idea of punishment you suggest a new motive. If you put a pound weight into one dish of the balance, and an ounce into the other, that the latter should be lifted is an invariable consequence. It is a Necessity, if Mr. Alexander likes. But this Necessity does not prevent the dish containing the

ounce from receiving a pound weight, and so lifting up the other dish. So long as a man has a selfish character, he cannot help doing selfish things. But this does not prevent some influence being brought to bear on his character which diminishes the selfish and raises up the unselfish part. Reflection or observation may suggest to him that his happiness would be greater if he were more generous and self-sacrificing. So he resolves to change his character. Has this resolve no antecedent? Is it the consequent of no preponderating motive? Clearly it follows from the desire to get more happiness, or from some other desire which is stronger than his aversion to self-denial. His resolve to form this part of his character anew is no more unconnected with what has preceded it in his mind than any one of his selfish acts was unconnected with the selfishness of his character. In Mr. Mill's words, "When we voluntarily exert ourselves, as it is our duty to do, for the improvement of our character, or when we act in a manner which (either consciously on our part or unconsciously) deteriorates it, these, like all other voluntary acts, presuppose that there was already something in our character, or in that combined with our circumstances, which led us to do so, and accounts for our doing so." This doctrine that the character is amenable to the will, while the will is amenable to the strongest motive, clear as it seems, carries no conviction to the resolute Free-willer. "The will," says Mr. Alexander in characteristic language, "is a clever creature, and goes on creating its creator." The 'wise child' of the proverb seems here a little outdone; but, in a child wise enough to positively know its own father, it is perhaps an additional point of wisdom to refrain from any frantic attempt to pay him the return compliment of begetting him." That a writer with Mr. Alexander's perspicacity should have fallen into such a misconception of Mr. Mill's view is surprising when we recall the luminous account which that writer has given of his own position. "The object of moral education is to educate the will; but the will can only be educated through the desires and aversions; by eradicating or weakening such of them as are likeliest to lead to evil; exalting to the highest pitch the desire of right conduct and the aversion to wrong; cultivating all other desires and aversions of which the ordinary operation is auxiliary to right, while discountenancing so immoderate an indulgence of them as might render them too powerful to be overcome by the moral sentiment when they chance to be in opposition to it." The character, in short, is formed by the will, and for this reason we seek to train the will, not to act at random, which would seem to be the end of the so-called Liberty theory, but to act in obedience to the right desires and aversions, instead of to the wrong ones. It is the conviction that the will invariably follows the bidding of the strongest motive, which encourages us in the great task of moral culture, the object of which is to make those motives the strongest and most decisive which are also the purest and loftiest.

Though we cannot think that Mr. Alexander has done justice to the Causation doctrine of the Will, there can be no doubt that the lighter matter with which he has tempered the severe discussion of the first part of his book is exceedingly witty. Even those who share his admiration for Mr. Carlyle may enjoy the excellent fun which he makes of Mr. Carlyle's weaker points:—

The passion of the heroic man is terrible to behold, apoplectic. Beautiful beloved Bertha, indiscreetly seeking to assuage him a little, is handsomely served out for it; is knocked down out of hand; knocked down—as surely she deserves no less, interfering in that feminine-indiscreet manner—and after, by a Hero-Grimwold with iron boots on, severely kicked in the epigastric regions—beloved Bertha, at the time, in a slightly interesting condition. Is conclusively knocked down, kicked in the epigastric regions—boots very iron-efficacious; snivelling a little in the unutterable offensive feminine manner, is told, in voice clangorous-stentorian, "reverberating from the domes," to "hold her noise, or a worse thing shall befall her"; holds it; picks herself up as she may, copiously bleeding, I observe, merely however from the nose; with last little sob convulsive-stifled, curtsies submissive, in stately antique graceful fashion; and sweeps off to her interior privacies, there to do meditations appropriate, and what little poulticings may be necessary. A man with the true hero-stuff in him this, as I perceive! not to be trifled with, idly interfered with; a right stroke in him when needed, to cut short all that sort of thing; the swift decisive valour of whom, on this and the other occasion, may amaze us, may in many ways have silent didactic meanings for us. Few things in a hero Grimwold have been more notable to me than this due suppression of his womankind, a feat so unspcakably difficult.

Perhaps another specimen of Sauerteig's way of writing history is still more life-like:—

His unparalleled chapter, for instance, entitled, "Flea Hunt—Divine Significance of Fact"—could it prove other than most interesting? How a high Grimwold once at dead midnight, hero-snoring beside his beloved Bertha, dimly became conscious of sensations most itchy-uneasy on the haunch of him; flea or other vivacious insect of democratic tendencies having invaded that region, and proceeded to extract his life-fluids. How a high Grimwold woke up; swore a little, *per os Dei*—his favourite if not sole piece of piety—scratched the afflicted part, and sulkily re-addressed himself to his slumbers. How it would not in the least do; flea still more vivacious-annoying, diligently extracting the life-fluids; haunch still most itchy-uneasy; till at length an infuriated Grimwold will fairly dash out of bed imprecating heaven-high, and with much sounding of gongs, rushing of terrified lackeys with torches, (mostly in a state of entire nudity,) and other the like tumult, proceed to hunt his flea; beloved Bertha, in her singular night gear shivering observant the while. How, for a space of two hours, he hunts—hero-assiduous, desperate to catch his flea; hunts, hunts, "hugest, tumultuous, inextinguishable Flea Hunt," says Sauerteig, "that ever perhaps transacted itself on this God's earth"; hunts and evermore hunts, and finds, to his much rage and grief, that flea, like *culpes* on a previous occasion, once for all, will not be caught—uncertain to this hour whether after all it were Flea or Bug. All this, told in the vivid Sauerteig manner, with graphic touch and due vigour of presentment, readers might have found interesting. Nay, if Sauerteig is

to be believed in the matter, there is in it didactic meaning of the deeper sort. "Hugest, &c., Flea Hunt," says Saurteig, "that ever perhaps transacted itself on this God's earth; which, on the deep ground that it veritably did so transact itself there, is precious and for ever a possession to me. Infinite is the significance of fact, of reality. Consider it, O reader; this thing actually was; was, and very literally is now, and cannot for ever cease to be; a portion of the God's fact which liveth and endureth for ever. A Grimwold scratching his haunch there, tumultuously hunting his flea there, is great; is memorable to me; on the deep ground that the high man actually did it."

SUNNYSIDE PAPERS.*

THIS little volume is a specimen of a class of literature whose abundance strikes us as being somewhat portentous. It is a reprint of some of those papers which form the padding to *All the Year Round*. The subject-matter of that periodical and its rivals may be divided into three parts, exclusive of the rhymes. There is, in the first place, the novel, sometimes bad and sometimes excellent, which is the really essential portion. There is a sprinkling of papers professing to convey some real knowledge, of more or less value. But between these two poles there is a kind of nebulous matter, not quite solid information and not quite fiction; but generally a mixture of the two, seasoned with a dash of sermon. We make no complaint of this curious literary product, any more than we complain of water-gruel; it is certainly rather insipid, but it may be excellent food for infants. Like the *Revalenta Arabica*, which is asserted to work such wonders for weak digestions, it is compounded of the most innocuous materials, and could not, we should say, disagree with the feeblest intellect. The most imaginative child of ten years old would not be unduly excited by reading it. So long as it remains *in situ*, we can to some extent account for its existence. There is an obvious convenience, for publishing purposes, in matter which may be stretched or compressed, or cut in two, without any perceptible injury. But we confess to a wonder that, after having served its purpose, it should be disinterred and formed into a substantive book. Mr. Halliday tells us, with pardonable satisfaction, that a previous series, called *Everyday Papers*, reached in a short time a third edition, and received from the critics high praise—"such praise," he adds, "as my fondest ambition had not even dreamed of." We admire Mr. Halliday's modesty, which is no doubt sincere, and we share the astonishment with which his success seems to have inspired him. The fact that a discerning public should have bought three editions of a work which, if it resembled its successor, is on the very lowest step of anything that can by courtesy be called literature, presents a problem which is really worth investigation. It would be breaking a butterfly upon a wheel to criticize *Sunnyside Papers* with any minuteness; but we may give a short description of its nature, in order to explain the nature of the problem to be considered.

Some books appear to have been written under the stimulus of opium, as is openly avowed in the case of De Quincey's most remarkable papers. Others, like Edgar Poe's more ghastly stories, suggest thoughts of *delirium tremens*. Books like this of Mr. Halliday make us fancy that the author must have been guilty of undue indulgence in tea-parties. Small beer would have communicated more body to the writing. A very feeble infusion of tea is the only liquid which seems to us capable of prompting such curiously inoffensive matter. The style is, of course, that which is produced by a distant veneration of Mr. Dickens. No one can read such a sentence as the following without instinctively assigning its origin:—"It was what I call a fundamental mistake for a man with a young family to go into the sweetstuff line." The form of the sentence and the turn of the facetiousness might be put together by rule, if it could not actually be turned out by machinery. To take one other instance, who but a humble imitator of the author of *Pickwick* could have written thus:—"That white Berlin glove" (a funny way of describing a policeman) "says, in tones of tragic command, as plain as a white Berlin glove of that particular pattern can speak, 'Back, common person, and don't get in the way of the people's anointed.'" The mention of the "particular pattern" is specially characteristic, because it has absolutely nothing whatever to do with the subject. We do not mean to deny that feeble reflections of other popular authors occasionally vary the style; there is, once or twice, a touch of intended sarcasm which appears to us to be prompted by a recollection of Mr. Thackeray, and the title of a paper, "Concerning the Cheapness of Pleasure," is sufficient to indicate its model. Mr. Dickens, however, has evidently been the presiding genius under whose influence the style has been formed and the general tone of morality adopted. We all know sufficiently well the excellent, if rather obvious, principles inculcated in *All the Year Round*; and Mr. Halliday preaches the maxims that everybody ought to be contented and happy, and to prefer a villa at Hoxton to a mansion in Belgravia, with the ordinary impressiveness. He tells us how he once went to the Derby in a van, and found it pleasanter than afterwards going in a carriage; although he rather spoils the effect, in another paper, by absolutely falling down and worshipping the present Lord Mayor of London. He had the pleasure, it seems, of riding in one of the carriages in the Lord Mayor's show, and of trying the turtle soup at the subsequent dinner; and he is unable to wean his soul from the pomps and vanities so magnificently displayed upon that occasion.

It is a melancholy proof of human weakness that, although in one paper he professes an indifference to "the luxurious feasts of the rich," and even tells us that Cabinet Ministers, before the Lord Mayor's banquet, "dine at home on some simple and wholesome viand," he cannot restrain his enthusiasm when he comes to the banquet in person. He is caught with an irrepressible contagion of delight by the gold and silver plate, "the starlike effect of the lamps," and "the long vista of gaily-dressed guests, resembling parterres of flowers," to say nothing of the turtle soup and the cold punch, champagne, Madeira, hock, and claret. But even the disciples of Mr. Dickens are sometimes accessible to the influences of worldly grandeur, which ought to shock the truly simple-minded. We need not detail how Mr. Halliday describes a speech on the Budget and a day at Hoxton, and a manufactory of cigars, and what are his theories about aunts and uncles and "bouncing boys" and "beautiful girls," or what are the plots of the little stories of that kind which reaches its highest development in the "Christmas numbers." Their general nature is easily conceivable by any one who has been driven, in hours of waiting at railway stations or in belated trains, to dip into the class of literature to which they belong. Most people know sufficiently well the innocent artifices by which this variety of intellectual food is prepared for the market; how the stories are pulled out to fill the due number of pages, and how the barren records of the penny-a-liner are decorated with a sufficient allowance of platitude to pass for interesting essays. We would rather glance at the reasons which cause such a demand for a commodity the supply of which need never be limited by any excessive cost in its production.

Amongst the incidental results of railway travelling, one appears to be a disproportionate development of the lower growths of literature. It is sometimes said that over-indulgence in railway travelling produces a tendency to disease. The incessant vibration has an injurious effect upon the spinal marrow or the brain. And there is certainly an apparent confirmation of this in the state of mind to which most travellers are reduced. In many cases a temporary idiocy sets in. We cannot otherwise explain the eagerness with which the long rows of green and red-coloured novels, with startling illustrations on the back, are bought up by the travelling public. Strange works, dignified by the name of Standard Novels, ornamented with representations of headless horsemen or of atrocious murders, crowd the shelves of the bookstalls, and persons without any obvious signs of imbecility may be seen poring over their pages in the carriages when they might be deriving a more rational amusement from a study of the intricacies of *Bradshaw*. The same material cut into shorter lengths is that of which such works as the *Sunnyside Papers* are composed; the difference between these small miniature stories and the green-backed novel being, that the novel is calculated to last from London to Liverpool, and the story only as far as Colney Hatch. The curious reflection which results may be stated in two ways; it is singular that people should have such a desire for some sort of quasi-intellectual occupation, or it is singular that they should be content with so remarkably small an instalment. The novel or novelette is a mere mental fig-leaf, supposed by a happy fiction to cover absolute vacuity of mind, although, but for the look of the thing, one would have thought it could make but little difference. The practice of such reading reminds one of the boyish trick of smoking a piece of cane instead of tobacco; a man who has grown accustomed to cigars finds it rather difficult to sympathize with the enjoyment. It may be admitted that, if the choice lies between not reading at all and reading this very innocuous matter, the reading may be rather the better practice of the two. It tends at any rate to spread a knowledge of spelling, and makes people familiar with books considered as a mechanical contrivance. If, therefore, the consumption of this literature, as we must call it for want of a better name, spread amongst an absolutely non-reading class, and displaced nothing of a more serious kind, its increase would, on the whole, be gratifying. The farmer who went to church with the view of sitting down and thinking about nothing would doubtless have been the better for listening to the sermon. We should watch the process of intellectual development as Mr. Darwin would watch a polar bear turning into a whale; it is very slow, but it is a progress. If, on the other hand, the consumption of this material is displacing any more legitimate branch of study, it is of course so much loss. And when we look at the enormous abundance of the purely frivolous varieties of literature, and the pains and expense incurred in their cultivation, we can hardly flatter ourselves that it is all destined for an entirely new class of consumers, or that it is all raised upon ground which would otherwise be barren. Some men who would be capable of producing better things must be tempted into a field where profit is to be gained in return for such a trifling expenditure of labour; and the mere habit of indulging in this inferior growth must disqualify men for judging fairly of the finer qualities of literature. Perhaps the most probable theory would be somewhere intermediate between these two opinions. There is a positive increase in the demand for more seriously valuable writing; but relatively, it does not extend in the same ratio as the appetite for a less desirable commodity. To determine this point would require a much fuller investigation than it is possible even to hint at in this place; but we should be glad to suggest to persons about to invest small sums of time, money, and attention in this tenth-rate stuff that a very slight additional effort would qualify them for a superior enjoyment. It is common to meet people who are familiar with enough modern sensation

* *Sunnyside Papers*. By Andrew Halliday. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1866.

novels to stock a library. If they had been content to spend the same time and a very little more trouble in reading Scott, or even, not to make too great a demand upon them, in reading Mr. Dickens' best works, they would really have something to look back upon. It is a lamentable thing to think that many minds are filled with a sort of ephemeral lumber, which is scarcely better fitted to support intellectual health than the mud with which South American Indians are said to fill their stomachs is fitted to maintain the bodily functions.

LAING AND HUXLEY ON THE KEISS REMAINS.*

MR. LAING'S researches on the pre-historic remains of Caithness, or rather of Keiss, have now been for some time before the scientific world. In spite of this, however, the complete account of them now published would have been sure to recall attention to the subject, even if the "accomplished and assiduous fellow-labourer" in whose hands Professor Owen—prior, by the way, to giving his own account of them in the *Times*—stated that the remains had been placed, had not contributed fully one-half of the volume, giving us, under the modest title of "Notes," a monograph on the early races of Europe the value of which is entirely independent of Mr. Laing's discoveries. We confess that the pleasure with which we have perused the first half of the book has been by no means unmixed. Mr. Laing's power of handling his subject, and of generalizing upon his researches, is very great; but if he brought to bear any great amount of scientific acumen and method on his explorations, he does himself great injustice in his written account of them. In fact, when one attempts to follow his method of scientific inquiry as we gather it from his paper, which an eminent authority has pronounced "likely to be a guiding type and pattern of the way in which certain evidences of our race ought to be investigated," one trembles for the scientific value of the book; while certain historic Scots, as the result of a like labour, declare the charge of pre-historic cannibalism non-proven, and accuse Mr. Laing of antiquarian blunders bordering on the Pickwickian order. It is fortunate, however, that in some cases these different readings admit of easy settlement on the spot; thus, for instance, it ought not to be very difficult for competent judges to decide whether the curious structure on the Moorland Mound is really a pre-historic dwelling or—heaven save the mark—a modern cow-shed. So we shall leave Mr. Laing and the Scottish antiquaries to settle some few small differences of opinion like this for themselves.

Of the various spots explored by Mr. Laing, the Burial Mound, by reason of interments, and the Harbour Mound, by reason of supposed primary, secondary, and even tertiary kjökkenmöddings, are by far the most interesting. The interments are certainly very remarkable, and Mr. Laing has done good work in pointing out the locality. The author declares them to belong to the early part of the Stone Age. This is asking a great deal, but we want something more substantial than the "shipwrecked mariner" theory to upset it. Indeed we are content to leave the local antiquary who holds this theory, while he scouts the idea of pre-historic cannibalism, to think over the "mode in which the Keiss folk interred drowned sailors one hundred and fifty years ago." The hypothesis of the rise of the East coast of Scotland deserves more attention, and may really afford us some data; but the present level of some of the Danish kitchen-middens must be borne in mind, as well as the uplift of Scandinavia. Mr. Laing, however, has himself to thank for much of the doubt which rests on this part of the inquiry. At page 9 we are informed:—"I am personally responsible for the accuracy of every fact I am about to state, having taken every sketch, section, and measurement on the spot, and seen myself the exact position of every relic of interest." What do these last words mean? Is it implied that Mr. Laing did not see every relic of interest *in situ*? This unfortunately is highly probable, for a pelvis has been found in one of the graves investigated by Mr. Laing, and we miss anything approaching to a *compte rendu* of the exploration. How many graves were opened? what was the result of the examination of each? were the bones and weapons numbered on the spot, and kept carefully distinct by Mr. Laing himself? Such questions as these ought to find their answer in the book, but we do not think they do—in the affirmative at all events. The inquiry is now narrowed so much to the genuineness of the weapons that very much depends upon the amount of personal inspection given by Mr. Laing, and on this point we should be glad to have more precise information. It is difficult to reconcile some parts of the book with others. How, for instance, can we reconcile the statement (at p. 12), "The skeleton lay in a layer of clean sand, about six inches thick, on the natural soil," with another (p. 11), that the mound runs parallel to the beach on a natural terrace, composed of a raised beach of sand and shingle; and the inference, drawn from sundry passages, that the mound was formed by the interments, with the remark (p. 11) that "it is quite possible that the mound may be composed principally of drift sand." Surely the many sections run by Mr. Laing should have taught him something more definite as to the nature of the mound.

At p. 12 we read that the kists were found "in every instance at about fifteen feet apart in the central line of the mound." This rule, however, has failed in subsequent investigations. The inferences drawn, therefore, both as to the number and regularity of

the kists require more evidence to support them. It has been pointed out that the burials at the end of the mound, where the bodies lie near together and are sometimes superposed, may belong to a different date from the Chief's kist—some distance removed, and of a different build. From this point of view it is of some importance to know if the numbering of the bones corresponds with the numbering of the kists; and, if so, how it happens that a skeleton estimated at five feet four or five inches by Professor Huxley is thus described by Mr. Laing:—"The northernmost trench disclosed the kist No. 7, in which lay the skeleton of a man much taller than any of the others previously opened, being nearly six feet in height, while those previously found did not exceed five feet to five feet four inches." And, again, how comes it that the "tall man of very massive proportions," found in kist 8, dwindles down in the anatomist's hands to a height of five feet eight inches at the utmost, supposing him to have been blessed with an unusual length of spine, of which there is no evidence?

Now as to the weapons. Mr. Laing tells us (p. 18), "I made a rule of rejecting everything which did not bear unequivocal marks of having been wrought or used by man." He then (p. 40) bewilders us by this very frank avowal, "They [*i.e.* the weapons] are for the most part rounded or fractured by nature or by a single blow, with the least possible adaptation by rough chipping." What becomes of the unequivocal marks? We should regard such a definition of a "weapon" as somewhat unsatisfactory if it figured in Johnson, nor do we think that Mr. John Evans will accept it on Mr. Laing's authority. As for the stones of which fig. 24 is the type, it must be proved that they were not used to fix in position the sandstone flags of which the rude coffins are made, before we attach the slightest value to them. Some of the sandstone knives, too, in a region where chipped flints were abundant (p. 22), strike us as being very questionable, and we cannot agree with Mr. Laing's remark (p. 75), "Had they not been found in kists with other weapons, they could not have been accepted as showing traces of human construction." The question is, do they show traces of human construction? It seems they do not, and in the book we have no evidence that Mr. Laing extracted them himself, or, if he did, that the conditions of burial were such that they could not have fallen in, or have been in the sand with which for the most part the cysts were filled.

We must deal with the Harbour and Churchyard Mounds very briefly. First let us remark that figures 37 and 38 do not give us a high idea of Mr. Laing's accuracy as a draughtsman. It is well for us that removing a chimney does not generally affect the massive walls of our more modern edifices in the manner represented in the two sketches. For a description of the Middens we must refer to the book, noting the curious fact that in one place the limpet, in the other the whelk, prevails. At the last meeting of the Anthropological Society it was suggested that the Middens were formed at a time when man was, at all events, so far advanced in civilization as to appreciate the more delicate flavour of the whelk; nay, the Kirk Toft was credited with greedy ecclesiastics, living, *faute de mieux*, on the fat of the sea, in the shape of whelks, and the Harbour Mound with limpet-eating laymen. This is an idea for Mr. Laing, although we do not expect him to accept the period assigned by its authors.

The two mounds, however, are additionally differentiated. The Harbour Mound contained no bronze; in the Churchyard Mound, on the contrary, a bronze implement resembling a sugar-tongs was obtained, and a very respectable implement it looks. But here we come to an important point on which Mr. Laing differs very decidedly, on a matter of fact, from Mr. Anderson, an authority in these matters entitled to be listened to with respect. Not only does Mr. Anderson reject Mr. Laing's reading of the structure of what the former holds to be a "burg," but he asserts that he knows of no other burg in Caithness in which bronze has not been found. Mr. Laing states that only one solitary instance of the finding of bronze in these burgs has occurred. Here, then, is a difference which should soon be settled, and its important bearing on Mr. Laing's argument, on the strength of which he assigns them to the Stone Age, will be gathered from a perusal of pp. 58 and 59.

It is a positive pleasure to pass to the second part of the book. Mr. Laing's gratuitous assumptions, sweeping assertions, and endeavours to bend everything to a foregone conclusion, are here replaced by the calm, scientific treatment of a man who says not one word on the age of remains, and confines himself, as far as they are concerned, to a mere statement of their appearances, measurements, and peculiarities. Professor Huxley's part of the book, indeed, gives perhaps the best possible idea of the firm grip which our anatomists are gradually getting of pre-historic times. His examination of the remains is truly admirable in its thoroughness. His review of the researches of late years into the cranial characters of the ancient and present inhabitants of Central and North-Western Europe, and the general remarks on various questions of race, are certain to be read with attention by all interested in these studies. The results of the examination of seven skeletons, two male and five female, are given. The skulls presented four forms—no skull, however, being a typical example of the brachycephalic constituent of the British population. In fact the distinct types are reduced to the river bed form; and to another very curious one—the most remarkable of all obtained at Keiss. The cranium is mecocephalic, the cephalic index being as low as 73. Mr. Laing pronounces it

* *Pre-historic Remains of Caithness.* By Samuel Laing, Esq., M.P., F.G.S. With Notes on the Human Remains, by T. H. Huxley, Esq., F.R.S. London: Williams & Norgate. 1866.

"far more animal-like than that of any European race either known in history or hitherto discovered in the Iron, Bronze, or later Stone periods," the degree of prognathism, *inter alia*, being equal to that of the lowest specimens of the Negro and Australian races. The pelvis of this skull-bearer, and indeed the other bones generally, are equally abnormal. Professor Huxley remarks:—"Putting all the elements of the picture together, No. 1, with her long shins and heels, narrow hips, relatively broad shoulders, retreating forehead and projecting jaws, can hardly have been either a graceful or a comely personage." The anatomical evidence given us is certainly very remarkable, and justifies a hope that the Burial Mound will soon be explored in the most searching and scientific manner. It must, however, be added that no weapons were found with the most interesting remains, and that the remains found associated with weapons are comparatively unimportant. The skeleton of a male who should have been a fitting consort with the female No. 1, buried with weapons, would be an acquisition indeed.

It is pointed out by Professor Huxley, in one of his digressions, that, as far as skull-evidence goes, it is quite possible that fair, dark, and yellow-skinned brachycephali, and fair and dark, but pale-complexioned, dolichocephali, may have inhabited some part or other of the area they now relatively occupy in Europe for long ages before the dawn of history:—

Hence [he adds] it is worth while to reflect, that the current notions respecting the migrations of races from east to west may be myths developed out of the facts of philology; and that successive waves of language may have spread over Europe by washing over, instead of being carried by, its populations. That this is what has happened and is happening in our own islands appears to me sufficiently probable. Our population contains three distinct ethnological elements:—I. Xanthochroi brachycephali; II. Xanthochroi dolichocephali; and, III. Melanochroi. In Cæsar's time, and for an indefinitely long preceding period, Gaul contained the first and third of these elements, and the shores of the Baltic presented the second. In other words, the ethnological elements of the Hiberno-British Islands are identical with those of the nearest adjacent parts of the Continent of Europe, at the earliest period when a good observer noted the characters of their population.

Dr. Thurnam has adduced many good reasons for believing that the "Belgic" element intruded upon a pre-existing dolichocephalic "Iberian" population; but I think it probable that this element hardly reached Ireland at all, and extended but little into Scotland. However, if this were the case, and no other elements entered into the population, the tall, fair, red-haired, and blue-eyed dolichocephali who are, and appear always to have been, so numerous among the Irish and Scotch, could not be accounted for.

But their existence becomes intelligible at once, if we suppose that long before the well-known Norse and Danish invasions, a stream of Scandinavians had set in to Scotland and Ireland, and formed a large part of our primitive population. And there can be no difficulty in admitting this hypothesis when we recollect that the Orkneys and the Hebrides have been, in comparatively late historical times, Norwegian possessions.

Admitting that in the prehistoric epoch, Central Europe was peopled by short-headed Xanthochroi; Northern (Baltic) Europe by long-headed Xanthochroi; and Western Europe by dolichocephalic Melanochroi, the present and past states of the population of the same area become intelligible enough.

In ancient times, when, to use Dr. Dasset's words, "Scandinavia was the great slave market of Europe," the introduction of fair brachycephali into the Baltic area may as readily be understood (without having recourse to any special "Finnic" hypothesis) as the elimination of this element, and the return of the Scandinavians to the long-headed type, in modern times, when the brachycephalic infusion ceased.

In another fashion, the fair and broad-headed "Belgæ" intruded into the British area; but, meeting with a large dolichocephalic population, which at subsequent times was vastly reinforced by Anglo-Saxon, Norse and Danish invasions, this type has been almost washed out of the British population, which is, in the main, composed of fair dolichocephali and dark dolichocephali.

The reverse process has obtained in Central Europe. When the great Teutonic stocks swarmed into the Roman Empire, as the Gauls, with less success, had attacked the Republic, they spread the type of the dolichocephalic Xanthochroi far beyond its primitive bounds. But, however they might seem to be conquerors, the Franks and Alemanni who settled in Central Europe were ethnologically defeated. On their right flank were more numerous "Belgæ" and people of like stock; on the left flank innumerable Slavonians. Under these circumstances, while complexions might remain unchanged, dolichocephaly had no chance against brachycephaly, and accordingly the latter has eliminated the former.

But language has, in no respect, followed these physical changes. The fair dolichocephali and fair brachycephali of Germany, Scandinavia, and England speak Teutonic dialects; while those of France have a substantially Latin speech, and the majority of those of Scotland, and, within historic times, all those of Ireland, spoke Celtic tongues. As to the Melanochroi, some speak Celtic, some Latin, some Teutonic dialects; while others, like the Basques (so far as they come under this category), have a language of their own.

The above extract will give an idea of the great value of Professor Huxley's notes, apart from the Keiss remains; it is also fair to add that we have left unnoticed many topics touched upon, and we think unfortunately, by Mr. Laing. We have felt bound to criticize Mr. Laing's account of his explorations somewhat closely, as so much depends upon them; but we thank him nevertheless for a book which, at all events, contains much that is interesting and valuable to the student.

THE BOOK OF RUBIES.*

THE *Book of Rubies* professes to be a collection of the most notable love poems in the English language and its dialects, compiled in America. A modest preface allows that some persons may think a few of the poems admitted not the very best specimens of their kind, while others may complain of the omission of poems that deserved a place; but "all that," as the editor shrewdly remarks, "is mainly a matter of taste," and "it is believed that the collection will be found the most complete and best arranged

in its contents, as it is the most elegant in mechanical execution, of any yet issued." Without pledging ourselves to the assertion that the volume is, in its mechanical execution, the most elegant poetry book ever issued, we are free to confess that it is very gorgeously and elaborately got up, with creamy-tinted paper, cherry-coloured marginal lines and initial letters running into flowery arabesque, gilt edges, and embossed binding. The Rubies are, in short, very neatly set. Whether they all deserve and do justice to such a setting, or whether some of them might not more properly be called garnets, or even coloured glass, is of course "mainly a matter of taste." We are bound to say that, to our taste, the volume would have been improved by considerable retrenchment, especially among the selections from the works of forty American poets of the last half-century, which appear to form in bulk about a third of the most notable love poems written in English since the days of Skelton. But, as degrees of goodness or badness in poetry are mainly a matter of taste, it would be arrogant to dictate to the readers for whom a volume published by Scribner and Co. of New York was originally intended any of the rules or tests by which good poetry is thought to be known from bad in this conventional old country. The New York public could hardly be expected to believe that forty poets, writing with unlimited steam power through half a century, had really contributed little or nothing worth preserving to English love poetry; and it was hardly the task of a patriotic publisher to undeceive them. The difficulties, moreover, which are delicately hinted at in the preface to this volume as obstructing the compilation of a work of this class, if "designed for the centre-table as well as the library," do really exist just enough to make us at once surprised and grateful that an editor so acutely sensitive to them should have given himself the trouble to select any English verse at all. If it be true, as a rule, that "in the Elizabethan age the erotic poets covered some of their finest conceits with the grossest language, rendering the poems unfit for the perusal of delicate minds"; that "at a later period the puerilities of the pastoral school afforded but little scope for selection"; that "at all times prior to the close of the last century there was an affectation of classical knowledge which destroyed the fire and fervour of the verse, by pressing the Roman deities most absurdly into the service of the poet"—we ought to be proud to find that, after all, the literature of Great Britain and Ireland can contribute the names of a hundred writers fit to be immortalized in company with the forty that have wooed the chaste and natural muse on the other side of the Atlantic. And it must be said, on the compiler's behalf, that among the older love poems enshrined in this volume many are genuine gems, as clear and flawless as the ruby worn in the ear of Herrick's Dianeme—one of the sweet conceits which the New York editor has very wisely thought not unfit for the perusal of delicate minds:—

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes
Which star-like sparkle in their skies:
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives; yours yet free:
Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the love-sick air;
When as that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

The "Girdle" of Edmund Waller, the Court poet of the Stuarts, may usefully serve in this volume as a model for American writers of the exquisite quiet grace of language with which a simple thought may be expressed in English, when the writer knows what it is that he wishes to say:—

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely dear:
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

It will be long before American poetry, or English either, matches the passionate anguish of "Helen of Kirkconnell," which finds a place in this volume. Though the writer's name has not been preserved, the poem itself will "last to be a precious stone" long after the colour is worn out of many names which decorate this *Book of Rubies* as poets of the nineteenth century. Mickel's "There's nae Luck about the House" is an equally genuine, and almost equally unsurpassable, model in the loyal simplicity of housewifely affection which it expresses; while lieutenants in the American navy who are gifted with poetical taste may enjoy the manly carelessness of the Earl of Dorset's "To all you ladies now on land We men at sea endite" as much as if they sailed under the national flag of the writer. Nor do the merits of the selection end with the date which closes the common ancestry of English and American literature. Good specimens of Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Motherwell, Tennyson, and even Aubrey de Vere, are to be found among the specimens of this century's erotic verse. It is curious that not a single line of Browning's has found favour in the sight of the compiler; whence it may be reasonably inferred that Browning's poetry is not popular beyond the Atlantic. The same inference may also be drawn from

* *The Book of Rubies*. New York: Scribner & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1866.

the fact that, among the poems of American origin which fill so large a proportion of the volume, not one in any way reminds us of Browning. Most of the forty American poets who have any character at all beyond that of uninteresting stupidity do faintly smack of the study of some particular school of English literature. But there is no trace that Browning's lofty and broken passionate rhythms have been appreciated as worthy of any study whatever by the representative writers of the United States.

It would be unfair to judge American poetry absolutely from the particular stamp of the so-called erotic verse which America has contributed to this collection, as it would be unfair to say that Mr. Browning is no poet because he has not been treated as such by its editor. But it is difficult to believe that fine poetry can be thoroughly appreciated by a public which is expected to be contented with such a shallow and yet turbid expression of amatory feeling as characterizes many of these American Rubies. What, for instance, let us ask, is—not the peculiar beauty, but—the meaning of this address of Mr. James Otis Rockwell to "Ann," that it should survive its writer thirty-five years?—

Thou wert as a lake that lieth
In a bright and sunny way;
I was as a bird that flieth
O'er it on a pleasant day;
When I looked upon thy features,
Presence then some feeling lent:
But thou knowest, most false of creatures,
With thy form thy image went.

Had we been asked to assign a cis-Atlantic author to this stanza, we should have fathered it on the once familiar name of Bunn. But even Bunn in his best days could hardly have equalled the pompous platitudes of an effusion by Mrs. A. P. Dinnies on "Wedded Love," of which the following is a specimen:—

Full well I know the generous soul
Which warms thee into life,
Each spring which can its powers control,
Familiar to thy wife—
For deem'st thou she had stooped to bind
Her fate unto a common mind?
The eagle-like ambition, nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed, with its Promethean flame,
The shrine—then sunk her soul to shame.

The worthy woman occupies the next page to Tennyson's exquisitely tuned lyric, "Ask me no more." Surely the unconscious force of contrast could no further go.

The names of Mrs. Dinnies, Mr. Rockwell, and a great many more among the American writers who have found a place in this volume are not universally known in England. The more familiar stars of American literature, Longfellow, Edgar Poe, N. P. Willis, Bayard Taylor, Whittier, and Lowell lend to the necklace of Rubies a light which does indeed pale the ineffectual fires of Mrs. Dinnies and her like, but which, in its turn, is paled by comparison with the genuine antique gems of English poetry. The tone of all (except Whittier) is what in the conversational language of their own countrymen is called "high faluting." An American editor has every right to object to the affectation of classical knowledge which laid violent hands upon the Roman deities for the poet's needs, "at all times prior to the close of last century." The invocation of imaginary deities, in whom none of the poet's readers are likely to believe, does certainly tend to impair the "fire and fervour of the verse." But classical affectation is not the only form of affectation by which the true ring of poetry may be spoiled. The tendency to magnify a thought by a vague envelope of metaphysical verbiage is as dangerous as any habit of magnifying the Olympian deities. It may be "mainly a matter of taste" whether sense or nonsense makes the best poetry; but the worst of poetry is nonsense which assumes to be sense. The banner with the strange device of "Excelsior" is a more pernicious and misleading poetical flag than a blazon of all the nine muses together.

We have no doubt that, sooner or later, America will have a great poetical literature; but it is absurd to speak of her as yet possessing anything of the kind, or as likely to possess it until her verse-writers have gained in clearness of language, concentration of thought, and reticence. Judging from the latest specimens given in this volume, we should say that the younger American bards are studying Tennyson more earnestly and successfully, for rhythm and expression, than their predecessors have ever as yet studied any English model. It is one of the first steps towards excellence to understand thoroughly the mechanism of a great composer. But the very best imitation of Tennyson will not make good original American poetry. It is singular that a great outburst of national enthusiasm and warlike passion, fed by several years of uncertain struggle, and culminating in the entire triumph of one side and the entire ruin of the other, should not have produced a single line of national poetry in either North or South which will outlive, or deserves to outlive, the restoration of the Union.

THE DIARY OF THE RIGHT HON. W. WINDHAM.*

THE most genuine diaries are often those of least interest to the public. The simple chronicle which is only meant for the writer's own use is not much more entertaining to the world than his cash-book would be. Mr. Windham's Diary which has just

* The Diary of the Right Hon. W. Windham. Edited by Mrs. Henry Baring. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

been published is of this kind. It contains little more than bald jottings of the houses at which he dined, and of the company whom he met there; of the books which he read, and now and then what he thought of them; and, finally, of the reflections which occurred to him, as they do to everybody else who keeps a diary, upon broken resolutions, wasted time, and unexecuted plans. Every page is crammed with names of famous persons, telling us, however, nothing about them. Such an entry as that the writer on a certain day "dined with Sheridan; present, Fox, Parr, Grey, Lord Grenville," &c., is merely tantalizing. So is the bald memorandum that on such an occasion he met Adam Smith, or rode down to Beaconsfield, or went to the Club to meet Burke and Sir Joshua. If he had recorded ever so briefly what they had talked about at these gatherings, or what he thought of this or that trait in his eminent associates, his Diary would have been a great deal more entertaining, only it would have been something much more than a mere memorandum book, such as the present volume. The memorable occasion of Burke's rejection of Fox's friendship is simply entered as "Committee. Fatal day of rupture with Burke! I had gone down earlier in consequence of note from Wilberforce, and did not return home from the Committee, but got some soup with Francis at the Spring Garden Coffee House. It was latish before the House broke up." The soup was interesting enough to Windham, but one wants to know what two such men as Windham and Francis thought at the time of the extraordinary scene, and of Burke's conduct. Perhaps, however, there is a score of passages in the book which will be useful to the student of the history of the time, and a score more which confirm, if they throw no new light upon, the accepted view of Windham's character. Still one would have thought that a review article might have contained all that is worth making public.

Windham is one of those who rather leave a conspicuous name in the personal history of politics than make a very deep mark on the events or ideas of their time. Though a man of undoubted ability, his influence was due less to his ability than to his character. It is one of the habits of this country, to which we are largely indebted for much of our national welfare, to respect character more than mere intellectual power. Contemporary politics supply more than one example of this. Windham was eloquent, acute, witty, and familiar with many kinds of knowledge. Pitt declared his speeches to be the "finest productions possible of warm imagination and fancy"—rather an excessive panegyric in one who had heard Burke. Sir James Mackintosh even insists that he was a man of genius—a phrase so vague that we need not stop to examine the justice of its application. But Windham rose as he did by virtue of his station and the singular dignity, uprightness, and elevation of his character. He was to his contemporaries, as he has been described to a later generation, "the finest gentleman of the age, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham." He records in his Diary that he had introduced into a speech a ludicrous illustration taken from Sheridan, and then reproaches himself for not having introduced it in such a way as to give Sheridan the credit of his own idea; "for, besides my general rule of forbearing in any instance to appropriate to myself the reasonings or remarks of others, I would not countenance, by any seeming return, what Sheridan does with so little scruple with respect to others, and to me among the rest." It was this kind of feeling that gave Windham the influence which, in a memorable debate, after he had broken with his old allies, made him too strong, not only for Sheridan, but for Fox and Grey as well. His sense of honour even stifled vanity. After mentioning that one of his speeches had been looked upon as "a capital performance," he adds, "There is not a speech of mine which in comparison of one of Francis's [Sir Philip] would, either for language or matter, bear examination for one moment; yet about my performances in that way a great fuss is made, while of his nobody speaks a word." Three years after he returns to the same subject, and, speaking of the success of a recent speech of his own, says, "Let any one remember the reception, and examine the language and matter, of any of Francis's speeches, and then say what the proportion is on matters of this sort between praise and merit." His reverent affection for Dr. Johnson was not the least admirable of his traits, though there is not very much about it in the Diary, as Johnson died in the same year in which the journal opens. But the details which Windham modestly records of his own tender solicitude and more than womanly kindness to Johnson, when on his death-bed, are extremely touching. Windham in vain tried to persuade him to take some sustenance. "I then said," he continues, "I hoped he would forgive my earnestness, or something to that effect; when he replied eagerly, that 'from me nothing would be necessary by way of apology,' adding with great fervour in words which I shall (I hope) never forget, 'God bless you, my dear Windham, through Jesus Christ,' and concluding with a wish that we might meet in some humble portion of that happiness which God might finally vouchsafe to repentant sinners. These were the last words I ever heard him speak. I hurried out of the room with tears in my eyes." This profound love and respect for a great and virtuous character was one of Windham's finest traits. He felt no gall, but the deepest reverence, towards anybody whom he took to be his moral or intellectual superior. The fervid and long-suffering admiration felt by him for Burke is frequently exhibited in the Diary. At one time Burke is "peevish and impatient" for some trifling reason. On another occasion, Burke makes an "intemperate attack" on him for a

difference of opinion about Barette which he actually forced him to declare. Windham's mild comment is, "I must endeavour to obliterate from my mind the impression which passion so unreasonable and manners so rude would be apt to leave." The late Mr. Buckle's cool theory that Burke was driven out of his mind by the French Revolution—just because Burke took one view and Mr. Buckle took another—is not at all borne out by such extracts as these. Burke was passionate and peevish and rude long before he wrote the *Reflections*, which were, in truth, only the application to the circumstances of the time of doctrines he had been preaching all his life. Windham has a memorandum in his Diary of the day on which he received "Mr. Burke's Pamphlet," which the editor oddly enough insists on styling "Considerations" on the Revolution. "Never was there a work, I suppose," says Windham, "so valuable in its kind, or that displayed powers of so extraordinary a nature." "One would think," he goes on, "that the author of such a work would be called to the government of his country by the combined voice of every man in it. What shall be said of the state of things when it is remembered that the writer is a man derided, persecuted, and proscribed; not being much valued even by his own party, and by half the nation considered as little better than an ingenious madman." The last sentence is a sufficiently authentic reply to the fanatical writers of history who maintain that it was the King and the "King's friends" only who undervalued the most illustrious man of their time. One of the most interesting bits in the Diary is an account of Windham's last interview with Burke, which took place the day but one before Burke's death. The entry of his death is very brief, simply noticing the arrival of news "that that great light of the world, Mr. Burke, was no more." The entry of the funeral is still shorter—"Day of last offices performed to Burke." Of Pitt, and Windham's opinion of him, the Diary tells us little more than that, when Windham met him at dinner in 1793, there was "great disposition in Pitt to be agreeable. Conversation certainly far from deficient in liveliness or pleasantry (but its pleasantry, I think, rather artificial than spontaneous—rather the produce of art and culture than the natural growth of the soil)."

The Diary contains plenty of illustrations of Windham's love of sport, and of Macaulay's description of his "form developed by every manly exercise." It is not often that the diary of a Cabinet Minister contains references to some fourteen or fifteen prize-fights. The list of combats in the index is quite a novelty in political autobiography. On one occasion he reluctantly leaves before the last battle is over, in order to be in time for the House. On another he goes down to Moulsey to see Cribb fight Gregson, and then returns to begin a treatise on Negative Signs. With equal satisfaction he recounts how he read Petrarch or solved mathematical puzzles, and how he "saw very commodiously, from a dray, a smart battle between Jack Joseph, a soldier who showed upon his back floggings which he had received to a distinguished amount, and one Hardy, I think a carpenter." He hurries up from Bristol to London post haste, without even stopping at Burke's on the road, in order to "write a letter to take off as far as one could the effect of the accident at Brighton, of the death of a man in a boxing-match." In one entry he takes up a volume of Cudworth, and learns some curious facts about the Atomic Philosophers; and in the next is complaining of some hard-mouthed horse which he is breaking in. Some of his views on sport would scarcely be shared by the country gentleman of to-day. For instance, he "defies a person to attack bull-baiting and to defend hunting." But his animal spirits were more irrepressible than those of the most vigorous squire of our time. "In our way from the House," he says in one place, "we were boyish enough to amuse ourselves with throwing stones at each other during our progress through the Park, and oranges when we came to St. James's Street." Balloons excited the liveliest interest in his mind. He even made an ascent in one, in which adventure he was much satisfied with himself until he bethought him that, if the adventure had been what it ought to have been, he would have felt no such satisfaction. "Could I have foreseen that danger or apprehension would have made so little impression upon me, I would have insured that of which, as it was, we only gave ourselves a chance, and have deferred going until we had a wind favourable for crossing the Channel." This is a fair illustration of that strange paradoxical temper of which Mackintosh complained in Windham, with reference to things more important than balloon ascents. For the sake of a new sensation he was anxious to put his life in jeopardy. "For the sake of a forcible phrase," says Mackintosh, "he was content to utter what loaded him with permanent unpopularity." When he was in Switzerland with Fox, he saw Lavater, and Lavater gave an opinion of him, "which," he says, "from its peculiarity and agreement with what many have said of me, seemed an extraordinary effort of his art—namely, that I was a man who did not choose to do anything which I was not conscious of doing well." This was really the case. Though the most modest of mankind, Windham was keenly displeased with himself if he did not make a decent figure in everything he undertook. His Diary abounds with passages of severe self-reproach. And there never was a diary kept in the world in which the writer did not find more or less fault with himself. In Windham, however, his self-reproach, like the rest, was thoroughly sincere; and it was not its own end, as it is in most cases. He was honestly vexed with himself for whatever he discovered amiss, and he therefore set honestly to work to amend it, and rarely without success.

The Diary contains very few political allusions. Windham's secession along with the Duke of Portland, Lord Spencer, and the rest, from Fox's party, and his acceptance of office under Pitt, are barely mentioned. Meeting Sheridan after this party revolution, he records that "the charm of Sheridan's conversation and memory of past times" made him regret the differences that now separated them. Windham's attachment to his friends was so sincere and so constant that nothing short of the most irresistible conviction could have induced him to leave their side. *Amicus Plato, magis amica veritas*. Such a politician as Windham is one of the finest products of the English system of education and public life. He was more truly typical of the best tendencies of that system than the profligate Fox or the austere and arrogant Pitt, or indeed than any other of the eminent public men with whom his name is commonly associated.

WRIGHT'S ILIAD.*

ONE discovery at least must have resulted from the flood of translations of Homer with which, during the last few years, our eyes have become familiar—to wit, that it is vain to dream of catching the ring and swell of Homer's verse; of realizing in English measures its dashing rapid flow; of getting, in short, out of any combination of English words a real undeniable likeness of the Greek hexameter. Those amongst us who have thought to naturalize that metre must sometimes sigh when their ears bear witness to the unwelcome truth that such limping lines as

Certainly I would make thee rue if I had but the power,

or
Had I the power as will, it soon should come heavily on thee,
are poor and inadequate substitutes for the Greek verse,
ἢ σ' ἂν τισαίμην, εἰ μοι δύναμις γέ παρῆν.

And if hexameters fail to catch the rhythm of the Greek in any ear-satisfying degree, perhaps it may be taken for granted that this point must be ceded on behalf of all, or almost all, English metres. Mr. Worsley, indeed, prides himself on having realized the Homeric roll and flow in his accumulated Spenserian stanzas; but may not this be the fond imagination of a poetic enthusiast? More nearly, it may be, does Mr. Gladstone approach to it in his ballad-metres; but even here the resemblance is a matter of opinion and fancy, and not to be pressed beyond that shadowy region. In truth, herein more than in any other particular, the translation of Homer must always be a compromise. You cannot get the counterpart presentment of the original, and must be glad to put up with as many points of likeness as are attainable.

This admitted, we do not think that Mr. Wright falls at all below the foremost rank among modern translators of Homer. He cannot—he would not, we are sure—claim for blank verse the power of carrying the reader along in the bounding, leaping, rushing tide of the Homeric hexameter; but he has borne well in mind throughout the work which he set himself to accomplish (and which he has accomplished with no common measure of felicity and success), that if he cannot catch this feature of his prototype, there are others which, if attained, may to a great extent compensate, or at least lessen, the discrepancy between original and copy. Such, in imitations of Homer, are his force, simplicity, grandeur and pathos; in all which points the accomplished translator of Dante has so dealt with Homer that he may safely challenge comparison with his contemporaries. Something more, too, than competent scholarship stands him in good stead—a refined and classical taste, conjoined with a thorough and deep knowledge of his author. With scarce a note or a comment in help of his text, he yet contrives to leave on the mind of any scholar who compares his English with the Greek, a conviction that he has taken pains to weigh the various interpretations of each difficult passage, and to make choice of that one which is most in accord with simplicity and sound scholarship. We have been specially struck with this in perusing the concluding books of his *Iliad*, which now lie before us. No doubt the habit of deferring to the interpretation of the scholiast is ordinarily both laudable and safe; but now and then common sense and comparison of Homer with Homer strike out a bolder path, which has more to recommend it to unbiased judgments. Thus, in Book xxiv. 426, Priam, speaking to Mercury of his son Hector's gifts to the gods, says:—

*ἔπει οὐραὶ ἰμὸς παῖς, εἴπορ' ἔην γε,
λήθε' ἰνὶ μεγάροισι θεῶν, κ.τ.λ.*

where the scholiast strangely interprets *εἴπορ' ἔην γε* as tantamount to *ἔως περ ἦν*, "whilst he lived." Can this be Greek? We think not. Annotators refer us to *Iliad* iii. 180, where Helen's words to Priam about her brother-in-law, Agamemnon, are too well known to readers of Homer and his translators to call for our repetition of them. But if we look at Heyne's interpretation there, we shall only find that he would like to take *εἴπορ* in the sense of *ἔπαρ*, "si usum grammaticum docere posset." Certainly these Latin words go a long way towards condemning any such use of *εἴπορ* in either passage. Still, as reverence for the scholiast is a highly respectable and conservative feeling, perhaps it is no wonder that Cowper renders the words, "While yet he lived," or that Lord Derby repeats Cowper. Without blaming either of these, we may surely accord higher praise here to Mr. Wright, who, thinking for himself and discriminating, we can well

* *The Iliad of Homer, Translated into Blank Verse.* By Ichabod C. Wright, M.A., Translator of Dante. Books XIX.-XXIV. Longmans & Co. 1865.

believe, conscientiously between his duty to the scholiast and to truth, has been led to render the lines—

For never did my son—
O can it be I ever had such son?—
Forget the Gods who in Olympus dwell.

Apply the principle of this interpretation, simple and natural, to the passage in the 3rd book, and it at once does away with any need of finding a new and unparalleled sense for *εἰσὶν* and of doing violence to grammar and common sense.

In the same conversation between Priam and Mercury, who is charioting him to the tent of Achilles, we find these verses (463-4) put into the mouth of the god:—

γυμνασθέν δὲ κεν εἴη,
ἀθάνατον βίον ὡς ἐβροτοῖς ἀγαπᾶσθαι ἀντὶν.

The words plainly refer to the ancient belief that the immortals shunned "open vision." They might appear to favoured individuals, but they did not care to let other mortals see that they had their favourites. It seems to us that when Cowper translates this—

Immortal powers
May not so unreservedly indulge
Creatures of mortal kind—

he vaguely contents himself with leaving it open to question whether the "indulgence" here is denied to Priam, or Achilles, or his myrmidons. Lord Derby translates:—

Beseems it not a god
To greet a mortal in the sight of all.

But this is so far unsatisfactory, as the context would lead to the connection of the word "mortal" with Achilles, into whose presence the speaker was declining to go. Priam he had greeted before he got up into his chariot. Mr. Wright, in putting the meaning before us, seems to us to have exercised his peculiar gift of simplicity. He translates faithfully:—

Scandal it were
Should an immortal openly confess
His love for man—

i.e. in being seen in familiar converse with Priam. Sense and scholarship are connected here with a happy clearness and force.

But it is needless to multiply proofs of Mr. Wright's accuracy, tact, and scholarship, because on these points he will be admitted to be unusually unassailable. Enough to say, that he seems to have an innate perception of the weight and point of each Homeric phrase, a good illustration of which habit of mind is his translating *θεῶν ἐν γούνασι χεῖραι*, "Rests with the gods," where justice is done both to *ἐν γούνασι* and to the verb. It may, however, be more interesting to general readers if we proceed to show that the translator under review fulfils in a highly creditable degree the requirements for reproducing the noblest of epics; and, if he cannot give us the identical metre and rhythm, at any rate goes far towards giving us the force, grandeur, simplicity, and pathos of his incomparable model. The comparison of the following verses with the Greek (xix. 356-364) will convince competent judges that they are quite as close as they are graphic and forcible:—

Thick as the snow flakes that fly forth from Jove,
Chilled by the blast of Boreas, ether-born,
So thick, outstreaming from the galleys, came
Helmets of glittering sheen, and bossy shields,
Strong-breasted corslets, and stout ashen spears.
To heaven the splendour mounted, and the earth
Laughed all around beneath the brazen gleam;
While upward from the plain rang heavily
The tramp of men.—P. 254-5.

Images and epithets are here equally preserved, and are set before us as Homer might desire them to be set. Mr. Wright does not, after the manner of some translators, omit *αἰθρηγενίας* or *κραταιότατοι* in translating; nor, after the fashion of others, melt them down into a couple of lines of periphrasis. We are thankful to him for enabling us to refer to his practice, in support of our strong opinion that there is more force and satisfaction in the reproduction of Homer's images and figures as one finds them than in the adaptation of them to modern turns of thought and phrases, or, as Mr. Worsley would put it, "the representation of true poetry in a foreign language by true poetry in our own." For grandeur, epic grandeur, we may confidently cite the version by Mr. Wright of the "Fight of the Gods" in Book xx. One of the finest passages of the Iliad has met a handling nowise unbecoming it; for Mr. Wright has been duly alive to "the grandeur, yet decorum in it, which (to use the words of an eminent Homeric critic) distinguishes it from the storm and fury of the Titanic battle in the Theogony." Let readers judge for themselves (Book xx. 54-66, *ὡς τοὺς ἀμφοτέρους—ἱπποὶ ἐννιούρων*):—

Thus, the blest gods, arousing either side,
In combat met, and woke a grievous strife.
Dreadfully thundered from on high the Sire
Of gods and men, while Neptune from beneath
Shook the vast earth, and lofty mountain-tops.
Quaked many-fountained Ida's hills and dales,
The Trojan city, and the Achaian ships.
Hades himself, king of the nether world,
Low-shouting leaped in terror from his throne,
Lest Neptune rend the earth above his head,
And to the eyes of gods and men disclose
His dark deep mansions, hideous, pestilent,
Detested even by the gods themselves:
Such the dire shock when gods in battle met.—P. 262.

The language in which Lord Derby clothes this noble passage may possibly read a trifle smoother, but there is in Mr. Wright's

execution of this extract and its context an unadorned force and grandeur admirably befitting the subject. We should like to know, too, whether the writer of such blank verse is to be rated as an incompetent handler of his instrument? But simplicity, classic simplicity, is the distinguishing characteristic of this version.

A hundred passages might be cited to show this, but one extract from Book xxii. 437-49, may serve the purpose. It is where Homer describes Andromache's occupation when the city's wailing over Hector's death on a sudden smites her ear. Of truth, neatness, and simplicity in translation one might search far for a fairer specimen:—

But to Hector's wife
No tidings of her husband yet had come,
No trusty messenger had brought her word
That Hector still remained without the walls.
She in a chamber of her lofty palace
Was weaving a large, double, purple robe
Inlaid with rich embroid'ry, and had bidden
Her fair-tressed maidens gird with blazing fire
An ample tripod, to prepare the bath
For Hector, when from battle he return'd.
She knew not, simple woman, that he lay
Far from the bath, by bright-eyed Pallas quell'd
Beneath fierce Peleus' son. Sudden she heard
The sound of grief and wailing from the tower,
And, staggering, dropped the shuttle from her hands;
Then to her fair-haired maidens spoke again.—P. 344.

The Greek lines describing the effect of Hector's death on the citizens of Troy, a little earlier in the same book, are also rendered by Mr. Wright with what we deem a masterly simplicity and conciseness (xxii. 408-11):—

ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ
κωκυτῇ τ' εἵχοντο καὶ οἰμωγῇ κατὰ δῶτον·
τῷ δὲ μάλιστα ἄρ' ἔην ἱναλγικιον, ὥς εἰ ἅπασα
Ἰλίου ὀβρυδίσσα πυρὶ σμύχοντο κατ' ἄκρης·

And grief and woe so seized the people's hearts
Throughout the city, it seemed as though all Troy
The lofty-brow'd, e'en from its topmost height,
Smoulder'd in ashes.—P. 342.

Nor is Mr. Wright less happy in representing that prominent characteristic of the closing books of the Iliad—deep and tender pathos. Even in the wrathful Achilles there are tokens of this, in the intervals of bloodshed. Over Hector's corpse he recalls the memory of Patroclus in touching language, the tone of which is caught to a nicety by the present translator:—

Unwept, unburied, at the galleys lies
Patroclus, whom I never shall forget,
While with the living still I converse hold,
And in my limbs remains the power to move.
For though in Hades they forget the dead,
Yet even there will I remember still
My loved companion.—xxii. p. 341.

What deep feeling, too, lies in those oft-quoted words of Priam to Achilles:—

ὁ γὰρ δ' ἱλαινόντορος περ
ἔτλην δ', οἱ οὐπω τις ἐπιχθόνιος βροτὸς ἄλλος,
ἀνδρὸς παιδογόνου ποτὶ στόμα χεῖρ' ὀρίεσθαι.—

xxiv. 504-5.

words which ought to be first exhibited in Cowper's more studied version, if we would duly appreciate the unadorned, simple pathos of Mr. Wright:—

To me more pitiable still who draw
Home to my lips (humiliation yet
Unseen on earth!) his hand who slew my son.—COWPER.
For I still more am to be pitied—I
Who have endured what never mortal man
E'er yet endured—to raise unto his lips
The hand of him who slew his son.—WRIGHT.

We must find space for one other extract—Helen's Lament over Hector, at the close of the 24th Book, the beauty of which, lingering on the ear, may, we trust, serve to draw many readers to Mr. Wright's Iliad:—

Then Helen last took up the mournful dirge:
"Hector, thou dearest far of all my kin—
Would I had died, ere Paris, now my spouse,
Brought me to Troy—the twentieth year is this,
Since first I quitted my loved native land;
Yet never heard I taunting word from thee.
But if my sisters, brothers, or long-robed
Sisters-in-law, or mother, me reproached,
(For kind as father ever was the king)
Thou wouldst dissuade them and disarm their wrath,
By thy mild words of gentleness and ruth.
Therefore for thee, not for myself alone,
Do I unhappy weep: For no one else
Throughout broad Troy is friendly or kind to me;
But all who see me shudder."—P. 442.

In Mr. Wright's brief preface to the concluding books of his translation he speaks of the "apparently very adverse circumstances" under which, "recently," critics have favoured him with encouragement. If we guess his meaning, he refers to the difficulty besetting critic and translator, the one in fairly estimating, the other in accomplishing, a work which is in some degree forestalled by a similar production, eminently meritorious and successful. None can doubt, who set Homer's own words between the versions of Lord Derby and Mr. Wright, and, divesting themselves of leaning or prejudice, deal justly with each translator, that it is extremely hard to adjudge the palm where diverse excellences draw us either way. Lord Derby is always graceful, smooth, correct,

and scholarly. Mr. Wright matches him in the two last-named qualities, and for the former substitutes those of force and simplicity. We are not sure that these are not, strictly speaking, more Homeric. But there is room for both. Both deserve to be set side by side among the most remarkable successes of this age of revived interest in classical translation. Both are very worthy to live alongside the original in the libraries of our scholars, and to be the chosen substitutes for it in the literature of our general readers.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square.—Conductor, Professor STERNDALE BENNETT. FOURTH CONCERT. April 30, at eight o'clock. Programme: Part I. Symphony in G Minor (Mozart); Concerto in B Minor (Hummel); Overture, "Bergzeit" (Spohr). Part II. Sinfonia Pastorale (Beethoven); Scherzo (Chopin); Overture, "L'Alcade de la Vega" (Oswald). Pianist, Madlle. Mehlig. Vocalist, Madlle. Siano and Mr. Hohlner.—Tickets at Messrs. Lamborn Cook & Co.'s, 65 New Bond Street.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD'S BENEFIT, on Monday Evening, May 7. Violin, Herr Strauss; Violoncello, Signor Flatti; Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard. Vocalist, Mr. Santley. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Frowse, & Co.'s, 45 Cheapside; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

MUSICAL UNION.—Madlle. GAYRARD PACINI, Pianist, from Paris, and LEOPOLD AUER, are engaged for Tuesday, May 8. The latter leaves London for the Rhine Festival, and will return in June.

MAY 14.—Madame SAINTON-DOLBY and Monsieur SAINTON b.g. to announce that their ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at St. James's Hall, on Monday, May 14, to commence at Half-past Two o'clock precisely. Artists.—Madam Louise Pyne and Lemmens-Scherrington, Enquest and Parca, Ada Jackson, Susan Pyne, and Sainton-Dolby; M.M. Geo. Feren and W. H. Weiss, Signori Brignoli (of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden), Gustave Garcia, and Graziani (of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden). Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard; Violin, M. Sainton. Conductors, M.M. Benedict, Ganz, and Herr Meyer Lutz. Sofa Stalls, 10s.; Balcony, 5s.; Area, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets may be obtained of Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Frowse, & Co., Cheapside; George Dolby & Townsend, 230 Regent Street; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, 28 Piccadilly.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1866-7. THE UNIFORM GUINEA SEASON-TICKET (Children under Twelve, Half a Guinea), dating from 1st of May, admits to the
CONCERT—METROPOLITAN SCHOOLS (Mr. Martin), May 1.
GREAT PERFORMANCE OF ACIS and GALATEA, on Saturday, May 5.
EIGHT GRAND OPERA CONCERTS, Saturdays in May, June, and July.
GREAT FLOWER SHOW of the SEASON, Saturday, May 13, and in September.
GREAT ROSE SHOW, Saturday, June 23.
GREAT PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY, and Illumination of Fountains, and Evening Fête, Thursday, May 17 (the Day following the Epsom Derby Race Day).
DRAMATIC COLLEGE FANCY FAIR, Revels, Saturday and Monday, July 7 and 9.
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GREAT GYMNASTIC GATHERINGS, July 13.
SATURDAY CONCERTS throughout the Winter and Spring.
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MR. CHARLES DICKENS will Read, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on Tuesday Evening, May 1, DAVID COPPERFIELD, and BOOTS AT THE HOLLY TREE INN; and on Monday, May 14, DR. MARIGOLD, and MR. BOB SAWYER'S PARTY (from "Pickwick"). The Readings will commence at Eight o'clock. Evening at Eight; Wednesday and Saturdays at Three. Stalls may be secured in advance. Tickets may be obtained of M. and S. Chappell, 50 New Bond Street; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.

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MR. D. D. HOME, renowned in Europe and America as a Spiritualist, has consented to repeat his READINGS of POETRY and HUMOUR, which were given with so much success in America, at Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday Evening, next, at Eight o'clock. Stalls, 1s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.; Back Seats, 2s.—Tickets and Programmes at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James.

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A Painted Window in the Chapel, or a Profile Medallion Likeness by some first-rate Sculptor, or a Prize, have been suggested. Communications on the subject to be made to the Rev. Arthur W. HADLEY, Barton Rectory, Moreton-in-Marsh; and Subscriptions to be paid either to the "Trinity College Williams Memorial Fund," at Messrs. PARSONS, THOMSON, PARSONS, & Co., Old Bank, Oxford, under the words "Trinity College."

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